THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

AGAIN the leaders of the Catholic Church in the United States, our bishops, acting collectively through their own organization, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, are seeking to strengthen, to improve, and to extend the influence of that agency of Catholic Action which in their estimation, as Pope after Pope has emphatically proclaimed, stands only second to the sacraments themselves in its importance—the Catholic press. February is Catholic Press Month. Throughout the nation a collective effort is being made to arouse the consciousness of the Catholic population to realize the indispensable value of our Catholic periodicals. In the schools, among hundreds of study clubs, through sermons in the churches and addresses and lectures, the work is being carried on. It does not lend itself readily to sensational outbursts of zeal and enthusiasm—and perhaps that is just as well, because such fervid manifestations quickly burn themselves out, and rarely leave lasting benefits in their wake. Primarily, it is a labor of education—slow, patient, persistent, cumulative in its effects. In that sense, every month in the year is part of the program of the press, but February is wisely set apart for a concentrated demonstration, the results of which continue throughout the year.

As the N. C. W. C. Study Committee points out in its highly valuable instructions on this subject, in this most critical period of world history the Catholic press occupies a place of supreme importance among the forces dealing with the chief task confronting the nation—as it confronts all mankind in one form or another—namely, the task of social reconstruction. "Social reconstruction," the committee says, "is not only a problem of organized economic life, controlled production of goods, and the development of an adequate means of distribution, but, what is of more importance, it is the effort to upbuild the moral character of the people."

All depends upon this paramount element in social recovery and social reform. It matters not how plausible any political or economic plan may seem to be—nor even how meritorious it may actually be—for unless it is put into operation by men to whom moral principles are superior to all other considerations, and unless its operation pro-

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ceeds among people also predominantly committed to the belief in and the practise of moral principles, it is bound to be ineffective, or to crash disastrously. Such a statement of our situation is only a truism for Catholics—indeed, for all others as well who still believe in the primacy of moral and spiritual values. Oh, for a great personality to arise among us to thrill and move us into mighty action to put that truism into practical effect among us all!

When we consider what may seem to be the almost appalling weakness of our Catholic press as compared with the tremendous mass of secular journals, and with the lamentable absence of moral objective from so large a part of secular journalism, the call of our bishops may appear like the summons to a forlorn hope. Well, even were this gloomy view wholly justified—which it is not—even so we should answer the call, and march forward. The whole history of the Church since the beginning has been the record of forlorn hopes which proved successful—of battles against what looked like overwhelming odds. But we should bear in mind that a very considerable portion of the secular press today is not wholly dominated by commercial considerations, or political partizanship, or the economic advantage of a particular group or class. Even if many of the secular magazines, reviews and newspapers which belong to the more enlightened part of the press may at times be sadly wrong in their own conceptions of moral principles, at least they are awake to the multiplying evidences of the hunger and thirst of the people for moral leadership and direction, and under these circumstances the Catholic press has a unique opportunity not only to strengthen and enlighten their own people, but also to extend the Catholic influence far and wide. And this is the essence of Catholic Action. It must be apostolic, or sink into mere sectarianism. What we have, we must share. We must give, not content with selfishly receiving benefits for ourselves alone.

Perhaps the time must come when Catholic journalism will be obliged to enter the daily field in order to pull its full weight in the national boat which will face stormy seas for many years to come, no matter how successful the immediate social recovery proves to be. For there are great, antagonistic forces now loose among us, and among all the nations—ultra-nationalism, exaggerated state power, atheistic Communism, racial hatreds, imperialistic rivalries, against which Christian morality will be obliged to battle. At present, however, our diocesan newspapers are the main battle-front. Greatly strengthened and improved of late years, thanks to the bishops, and their N. C. W. C. news service, they still urgently require the support of the Catholic public. We appeal to our own readers on this point. We believe that those who do not know the high value of the week by week survey and interpretation of world news now being supplied by their diocesan weeklies will be helped in their own lives, and greatly aid the Church and the nation in this critical era, by becoming readers and supporters of the diocesan paper.

WEEK BY WEEK

Across the Water

WHAT'S what in European countries seems more contingent than ever on the progress and fate of the dictatorship idea. This is, to be sure, only the violent liquidation of ideological investments in Communism, so that after all we may be dealing with a nine-lived Napeoleon ending a revolution which never quite came off. Recent events in France must of course not be taken too seriously. Government there no longer depends upon the whim of Parisian minorities, but is determined by the provinces and especially by the country. Nevertheless it seems obvious that if Poincaré were physically able to meet the challenge of the hour, the French might be more than willing to give him a special grant of authority to clean up a situation in which scandals alternate with indifference. As things are now, M. Daladier is the only choice—a good man who may get a chance to do something. But should nothing be accomplished relatively soon, the French nation may have to face a bitter conflict between communistic and fascist groups. While Hitler has made some liberties dearer than ever to the heart of Gaul, he has also reawakened slumbering desires to create a "stronger France." A revival of interest in the doctrines of MM. Daudet and Maurras is to be expected, come what may. It will not greatly matter. Their bark is attached to precious little bite; and in all probability they will find it far less easy to rally educated youth, now affected both by the Church and influential Left-wing intellectuals, than they did after the war.

AUSTRIA remains the supreme challenge to Hitlerism, and for a while it seemed as if Berlin would after all smite young Dr. Dollfuss to his knees. The anniversary of the fateful benediction conferred upon the Brown Shirts by President von Hindenburg was expected to produce a variety of bursting bombshells, and some newspaper correspondents sent dire prophecies over the cables. But the key to what will happen in Austria is Starhemberg—fiery and sometimes wild, but decidedly the strong man whose cards at the present juncture cannot be played by someone else. Now the Prince has declared openly that there will be no room for "the Prussians" along the Danube. If he means what he says, the

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future protector of little Austria will be Mussolini and not the oratorical gentleman who hails from Braunau. In the end Il Duce may have to pay rather handsomely for the honor, but the advantages of influence aplenty in the East are not to be despised. Meanwhile we may expect the anti-Semitic steamroller to get into action from Salzburg to Graz. The efforts of Dr. Dollfuss will be to make its operations as humane as possible, but the fact itself—the actual frontal attack upon Jewry—seems more than ever unpostponeable in view of the remarks made at the congress of those peasants upon whose marching down the Ring the government depends for a good deal of needed psychological effect.

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN'S address before the American Acceptance Council on January 29 was an unusually creditable performance, which shows incidentally how the man himself has profited from study during recent years. The tenor of his argument was that the depression cannot be looked upon as a "shipwreck" involving equal loss to all its victims, but that it was something akin to the settling of an island—a sinking which submerged those at the lower reaches while it only relatively injured those higher up. Using figures gathered by Washington agencies, Mr. Lippmann showed that while the nation had lost 32 percent of its total income between January, 1930, and December, 1932, the distribution of those losses was very uneven. The victims can be arranged in the order of their suffering as follows: industrial wage-earners, real-estate owners, dividend collectors, entrepreneurs, salaried people, interest collectors. There was considerable divergence between one end of this scale and the other. While in 1932 wage-earners got about four-tenths of what they earned in 1929, interest collectors drew 96.8 percent of what was paid out to them during the boom year. Accordingly, the fact that the country "went Roosevelt" must be attributed not merely to general dissatisfaction with economic conditions, but to the feeling among certain classes that they had been unfairly discriminated against. Mr. Lippmann concludes that "it is entirely unrealistic to suppose that a statesman who took office last March could have done only what was conducive to recovery and could have postponed everything that had to do with reform."

Structure of the Depression

WITH this conclusion we find ourselves in unqualified agreement. One may be specific and say that Mr. Roosevelt could no more have told farmers and people who had lost money betting on Samuel Insull and New York Central to go chase themselves than he could have taken a couple of bottles of carbolic acid for his health. We do think, however, that Mr. Lippmann's figures, granted their accuracy, need a little more explaining. Why did the interest collector fare so well? Not because he belonged to a more favored group, but because the paralysis of confidence took money out of household budgets, expense accounts and investment portfolios to put it into banks and interest-bearing paper. The supply of this last item was increased by almost every variety of government bonds. Hand in hand with this shift went a tremendous loss of capital proper —losses which either destroyed or so crippled fortunes that borrowing power was eradicated. While the effect of this disturbance on the farmer was visibly and fearfully bad, it is by no means demonstrable from Mr. Lippmann's figures that his plight was relatively worse than that of—let us say—large groups of salaried men and women. And therewith the real Roosevelt problem is again put back in the neighborhood of that almost "metaphysical" confidence upon which both recovery and reform ultimately depend. If the reforms should impair the nation's faith, we should be worse off than when we started.

THE bestowal of the first gold medal of the Liturgical Arts Society on Father C. C. Clifford was distinguished in many ways. To us it seemed principally distinguished by the spirit of the occasion. The matter is involved, as this spirit is properly one spelt without a capital first letter and intends a general atmosphere of affection for the recipient, of appreciation for intellectual and cultural things that truly elevate and dignify the social human being and a spiritual emanation from the recipient of grace and humility. Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, president of the Liturgical Arts Society, particularized that the medal was being presented to Father Clifford, who is rector of Our Lady of Mercy at Whippany, New Jersey, and lecturer in scholastic philosophy at Columbia University, because he has through many years in his preaching and lecturing and writing (the latter notably in his books "Introibo" and "The Burden of the Time") contributed to the interest in the liturgical year. Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock and the Reverend Francis Woodlock, S. J., gave brief intimations of the friendship which is felt for Father Clifford, a friendship beyond time and place or the easy familiarities of propinquity, ranging from the enduring affections of eminent scholars here and abroad to those of the simplest of people and little children. Father John LaFarge, S. J., chaplain of the Liturgical Arts Society, movingly identified the fount of all these things in the Spirit, in the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. This was the note, too exalted to reproduce in a journalistic paragraph, that dis-

Honoring the Spirit

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tinguished this occasion and that distinguished Father Clifford's own beautifully spiritual acceptance of the honor paid to the labors which he has had the privilege of performing for that gift of the Holy Ghost, understanding, understanding of God and of all things in Him.

Music in Prayer

THE interest in Gregorian chant, or, to be more exact, in music which shall properly interpret the liturgy rather than be a mere rococo excrescence on it, has grown steadily in recent years. It is a splendid answer to the expressed wishes of Pope Piux X and, no doubt, to his prayers and those of his successors in the See of Peter. In this country the school of liturgical music which bears his name has been doing a major part of the work in making the chant better known through making the rendering of it by the students which it trains more nearly perfect. The school's concerts at Town Hall in New York City—the concert this year is to be on March 11—have won the respectful appreciation not only of Catholics but also of non-Catholics of eminence in the musical world of the United States. Also at intervals the choir of the school gives smaller concerts both in its own hall and in the auditoriums of such representative institutions as the Juilliard School of Music. In the latter part of January the American Guild of Organists were the special guests of the Piux X School of Liturgical Music for a concert in Pius X Hall at Manhattanville. "The work of the choir and their tone is beyond words, it was lovely," wrote one of the executives of the guild in appreciation of the concert. And another member of the guild added, "When one listens to music of that type, perfectly sung, and with true reverence, mere words can convey but little of what the heart experiences. We were deeply moved by the devout spirit of worship created by the choir." We quote these statements simply as further evidence of the typical appreciation of the chant, an appreciation by Catholic and non-Catholic alike that unerringly, when the chant is rendered in its purity, recognizes not only the fine art of this liturgical music but also its incomparably high function.

Many Happy Returns

WHETHER Mr. Ogden Mills's Topeka speech is a bid for the Republican nomination in 1936, as Senator Robinson says, or "a splendid piece of constructive criticism," as Representative Snell calls it, will be discussed elsewhere. Within the scope of this brief paragraph, there is room only to note the singular bad luck which compelled Mr. Mills to launch his charge that the President lacks the people's support, on the eve of the President's birthday. The welling up of a gigantic geyser of popular sentiment, the hearty and downright affection felt and expressed everywhere, the range of the good-will elicited, are perhaps without parallel in our modern national history. Theodore Roosevelt attracted and held great groups of men, but throughout his time an unbending minority opposition, personal as well as political, also made itself felt. Woodrow Wilson, for a while during his Presidency, stood to many for a lofty and moving idealism, but even while the phenomenon lasted he was probably rather trusted as a symbol than understood as a man. It is likely that Calvin Coolidge, with a character and personality utterly different from the President's, came nearest to rivaling the President's mass appeal; but Calvin Coolidge was never impressive to certain "quality" groups which both respect Mr. Roosevelt and, in general, like him. Mr. Mills might urge that all this is personal, and does not affect the question of whether Mr. Roosevelt has a mandate for his official actions. But that is an academic distinction only. The people do not draw things as finely as all that, and once an executive is launched on his official career it is precisely the depth and range of his personal appeal which does bear on the question of a mandate. There can be no party planks ahead of time for all of the executive's day-to-day decisions and actions, especially in a time of great emergency like ours. He must go ahead as best he can, with his conscience and his Congress on either side of him; and if, after a year of such going, the people are overwhelmingly with him, he has a popular mandate, all right.

End of a Protest

A FIRE in the small town of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, which recently destroyed what has for a time been called the ugliest house in the state, prompts some rather amused reviewing of a lofty theme. The acted protest against any general phenomenon, whether it be a mass attitude or a public law, in which the protestant disbelieves on principle, is always interesting. Even when the symbol adopted seems excessive—as in England a few years ago, when many of the anti-war university youths defiantly sported white feathers—it at least shows that the human spirit is alive and kicking. In our own history, from the Boston Tea Party, which heads the list, down to the mourning service during which the students of the University of Virginia swathed the statue of Jefferson in crepe, after the national election in 1928, the tendency to dramatize dissent has lent color to the social record and courage to the disheartened individualist. The picketing striker is a case in point—as has recently been brought back rather vividly into the national consciousness by the widely noted presence of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, in one of the picketing lines protesting against sweat-

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shop wages and conditions of labor. And, to compare less important causes with more important, the house in Glen Ridge was also a case in point. More than a year ago, a zoning law was enacted which prevented its owner from using the house for business purposes. Being a lady who knew her own mind and thought she knew her own rights, she resolutely set about staging her individual objection to the legal coercion from which she was suffering. She smeared the outside walls with daubs of mud and paint, and chalked up hideous faces and grotesque figures on every square foot of the surface. She hung fluttering rags and queer flannel garments from the windows, and erected a clothes line for even dingier habiliments across the front yard. There was so much snap and ingenuity in her campaign that it seems the fates have treated her shabbily in bringing it all to the ash heap. As for her fellow townsmen, who gathered about in glee and shouted "Let it burn!", we can only fear that the sporting spirit has departed from Glen Ridge.

Scandinavian Catholics

THE ferment and diversity of Catholic Action, in its simplicity, in its immediateness, in its spiritual charity, and above all in its earnest love of God, is revealed to us occasionally in glimpses, vistas limited by their factualness but having also their particular virtue in their factualness suggesting the whole of Catholic Action in our time as a great kingdom, a vast enterprise united with the same spirit that motivated the ages of missionary work and of the Faith. One of these glimpses was recently afforded us by the Annual Bulletin of the St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York. This league has members not only in New York but also throughout the United States and it has correspondents in all the principal Scandinavian countries and in many of the remote islands which the hardy Scandinavian people have colonized. The little factual notes supplied by the correspondents, the minutes recording the activities of the league members, and two or three well-prepared articles in the Bulletin, give an amazing picture of Christian activities by nuns, priests, monks, laymen and laywomen. They suggest to us the old age of faith in Scandinavian countries when all were united in one fold. Today, apparently the severe civil discriminations against Catholics for practising their faith which were prevalent in recent years in Scandinavian countries are being replaced by a more tolerant good-will. The labors of love being performed by the relatively few Catholic Scandinavians, as indicated in the League Bulletin, are essentially of the kind that replace ill-will with good-will and spread peace in Christ's kingdom on earth.

THE DEFENSE OF LIBERTY

SOMETHING is wrong with liberty. For a great many people the thing has lost its charm and might as well be tucked away in the attic with other useless bric-a-brac; and for still others it is even a disease to be hated and fought like the plague. One who seeks an explanation for this phenomenon is likely to conclude that what we are really experiencing is a sudden change of trend in the world's moral discussion. The concept of freedom is an ethical concept; and today so much of ethics seems abstract to masses in need of all that serves as a prop to life that a new struggle for existence threatens to engulf everything devised by human thought and experience as recipes for the development of the person. "First we eat and then we think of morals" is almost a fundamental plank of contemporary revolutionist action. If the eating seems more likely under unethical conditions, why then (say many) we shall welcome such conditions. A great deal of what is now happening in the world can be understood only when one has grasped the ruthlessness of the hunger—both physical and psychological—which now exists on every side.

Such were the reflections awakened in us by reading the brave and spirited defense of essential Christian convictions by Professor Karl Adam, whose address to a section of the Catholic Youth Movement resulted in his dismissal from the University of Tübingen, the theological faculty of which he has served with a brilliance and a devotion not very often rivalled in Catholic intellectual history. The value of this address lay primarily in the emphasis it placed upon the development of Christianity. Out of Israel it came, first, because of Christ Who hailed from Galilee and loved Jerusalem, second, because of the fearlessness with which Peter, Paul and the others went out of the synagogue into the ecclesia which would embrace all the world. Then northern Europe too entered upon its destiny, moving from the silence and barbarism of primitive lands into the full responsibility of Christian builders of a new Rome. History testifies, therefore, to the continuance of one Revelation and one ethical ideal, realized more and more clearly though often repudiated. All this cannot now be sundered and scattered unless the tree which was our civilization is to be torn from the solid ground.

The truth of what Professor Adam said is important not merely from a confessional point of view but also because the traditional moral outlook is the bequest of Christianity. Take freedom, for instance. What is it? To the men of early centuries who generation after generation fought for it, the meaning was simply assured liberty of conscience. Christianity did not challenge the power of the states or even seek to free the

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slaves. It lived and died for the sake of professing the Faith. Catacombs and blood-stained arenas testify to no revolt, but only to unflinching strength in the presence of tyranny. Then when the time came to apply Christian conviction to the varied relationships of human society, the idea that everything which made the soul subservient ought to disappear led to a new and freer conception of the attitude of servant to master and of subject to ruler. But the whole development reposed upon the profession of faith. The idea was not to liberate man but to make room for the free action of the Divine in the life of mankind.

We can even understand later gruesome conflicts between Christians if we bear this idea in mind. Neither the Inquisitors nor the Reformers were interested in what modern humanitarianism has called "freedom." There was repression enough in puritan New England—more probably than in seventeenth century Spain. What both sides were thinking of was the same "Free action of the Divine." Only the conceptions of what this Divine is were different on both sides. Catholics held to the clear line of unbroken Christian tradition, as expressed sacramentally and hierarchically in the Church; Protestants sacrificed history to moral and mystical convictions often subsidized by the State. But they were neither of them thinking of a continuous liberalization of human life.

This last was, so far as we can as yet tell, the result of a certain decentralization of modern European society which began when the narrow boundaries of the known world were extended by knowledge of vast new continents and resources. "Escape" from the economic and social routine of an institutionalized civilization became possible suddenly on a scale which almost blinded the imagination. Men could return from Asia, Africa or the West Indies laden with treasure and glory sufficient to smash all the boundaries of class. They were often illiterate but they were nearly always strong men. Just as the Italian Renaissance was a bursting apart of bonds by reason of contacts with a seemingly endless Orient, so was the English Elizabethan Age a time of Spanish and British struggle for mastery over new worlds. People emancipated themselves, claimed liberties and responsibilities previously afforded to no one, and introduced—if you will—that ideal of "master morality" which was eventually to be given a final philosophic definition by Friedrich Nietzsche. History and biography read from this point of view take on new meaning and significance. What must have been the effect on middle-class sex morality, for instance, of the tales which during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries floated in from the antipodes? Again, while a concept of the "noble savage" who had virtues no longer possessed by civilized European nations was distilled from reports sent home by missionaries, the drift was all toward the "freedom" stressed by a corps of far-traveled English and French adventurers, among whom the Baron de Lahontan was a representative instance.

But what one claims all may demand. The nineteenth century, for which we retain a great good deal of respect, was a time when democratic states sought to obtain for the masses at least a measure of the emancipation which preceding centuries had conferred upon the few. Some good things were accomplished, but for the most part the trend was toward a hedonism conceivable only if the rate of expansion of opportunity could be continued. This last proved impossible. After the war it became increasingly clear that the boundaries of political, social and economic action were being drawn tighter and tighter. There was a shortage of world to conquer and of orders to take. And in the end a sharp and devastating jolt forced peoples back into limits harder to storm than the battlements inside which ancient chieftains defended their possessions against attack.

The lesson is pretty clear. We of the Western world shall end by having no liberty at all—shall end by being slaves in the worst sense of the term—unless we resist every effort to invade that citadel of freedom which more than a thousand years built in order to house the Divine. There is going to be no stop to the pressure against regulation of individual economic and social actions. The "age of unrestraint" is over, since the conditions which evoked such an age are gone. But the psychology of human beings will not adjust itself easily to such a change. What we are now witnessing in Europe is not a glorification of discipline and order. It is and has been for some time a struggle for places of advantage in a managed society. The principal event in Germany is this: a great many people have pushed others out of position and authority, and have pushed themselves in. Most Fascists are men who grab and then hold tight. And in order to justify that ruthless commandeering they would fain establish a new version of the conscience—a version which justifies them and renders others ignominious, which puts a halo around a goddess of force by appealing to whom their victory has been gained.

We can only go back. We can try to find that formula of freedom in accordance with which Christianity appealed to men who were as poor and as enslaved as even we of this age have not yet dreamed of being. We can strive to liberate the "Divinity that hedges us in" so that through it we may have a measure of inward freedom. There is no other possible recipe. The Church, which in an age of the liberalization of man seemed dogmatic and reactionary, must now meet again the assaults of those who know no worse enemy than liberty.

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AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

The work done by the National Conference of Jews and Christians to dispel prejudice based on differences of religious conviction has often been described in these pages. Now Father Ross comments on a recent tour which attracted unusual attention and led, we believe, to some interesting results. Among these last the garnering of suggestions made by "average folks" in a variety of cities and towns was particularly helpful and the impression that they are eager for amity is encouraging.—The Editors.

ONE OF the dark spots in our history has been the recurrence of waves of religious bigotry. But for the most part we have taken them like the floods of the Mississippi. We talked a lot while the waters were high, but after they had subsided we did nothing. And yet it is elementary that really effective work in overcoming bigotry must be done when men's minds are calm. In the field of bigotry, an ounce of prevention is worth considerably more than a pound of cure.

It was in line with this idea of preventing bigotry that a Presbyterian minister, a rabbi of the synagogue and a Catholic priest recently completed a 9,000-mile tour, traveling mostly by plane, speaking in 35 cities, 24 states, to 106 audiences, besides broadcasting 23 times, once over a national hookup. Just because such good sportsmanship in the relations between those of different faiths had never before occurred, they received reams of newspaper publicity, and a news reel was made of their take-off from the Newark airport when they started on their pilgrimage.

This tour was sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, whose co-chairmen are Honorable Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War in Wilson's Cabinet, a Protestant; Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, head of the department of history at Columbia University, a Catholic; and Roger Straus, prominent Jewish financier. For six years this conference had been arranging scores of round-tables between Catholics, Protestants and Jews, in which the old suspicions and antagonisms were brought into the antiseptic light of free discussion. This experience had amply demonstrated that the most delicate questions of inter-group relations can be talked out face to face with fairness and good nature.

An obvious criticism of this work, however, was that it reached mainly those who were already educated to religious tolerance. The great mass who devour the publications of profiteers in prejudice and fall victims to Klan-like propaganda were untouched. And so the National Conference of Jews and Christians determined that the time was ripe for vigorous extension of its activities. As a preparation, it was decided to dramatize the idea of friendly relations by having a priest, a minister and a rabbi travel from coast to coast through the Northern tier of states and back again through the South. The vivid picture of these men traveling together, living for seven weeks in their suitcases, and standing shoulder to shoulder on the same platform expounding a message of religious freedom, would make a dramatic appeal to the American people.

For this purpose, Reverend Everett R. Clinchy, director of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, of Baltimore, and Father J. Elliot Ross, of Charlottesville, were selected. The title given by Paramount to the news reel of their departure was, "Three Wise Men Set Forth," and as it was shown all over the country, it must have carried the idea of the pilgrimage to millions. In the text accompanying the reel, their undertaking was called "an all-American tour." And it was all-American, not only geographically, but more significantly as emphasizing the most important contribution America has made to the theory and practise of government—religious freedom.

That fundamental American principle of religious freedom was the key-note of all the addresses and discussions. It was made abundantly clear at the very outset of every meeting that their aim was not to reduce religion to a least common denominator, nor to induce people to worship together. Mr. Clinchy often summed up the purpose of the pilgrimage in the phrase, "We want to make America safe for differences." Father Ross expressed it: "In all things religious, Catholics, Protestants and Jews can be as separate as the fingers of a man's outstretched hand; in all things civic and American we can be as united as a man's clenched fist."

That last phrase brings out another sense in which this was an all-American tour—that all Americans, irrespective of religious creed, should unite in solving our American problems. No threat of an outside enemy should be needed to produce the sort of national unity we had during the Great War. The crisis of peace can be the moral equivalent of war.

No tendency was found anywhere to restrict freedom of worship. Everyone is willing to let Catholics worship at Mass in Latin, or Jews in a synagogue, or Protestants according to their taste. What friction there is between the groups

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depends on factors other than worship or doctrine strictly speaking. There was, for instance, considerable resentment against the alleged degradation of the movies by Jewish producers, and a dread of economic domination by Jews. The antagonism against Catholics was mainly in the political sphere, based on the fear that Catholics, although a minority, are a solid bloc controlled by the hierarchy leading up to a foreign sovereign in the Vatican. The school question accounted for friction on both sides, the Catholics feeling that they were unjustly treated by opposition to the parochial schools and by discrimination against the appointment of Catholics to the public school system. On the other hand, many non-Catholics felt that Catholics were opposed to the public schools, and were trying to secure state aid for the teaching of their religion. Inter-marriage was also responsible for some irritation.

Doctrines were not debated. Where an inaccurate understanding of a doctrine, such as papal infallibility, led to friction, the doctrine was restated clearly. But the tour was in no sense a debate of a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew. On the contrary, to show more effectively that it was not a debate, Rabbi Lazaron would sometimes answer a question about the right of Catholics to maintain separate schools, or Mr. Clinchy would lay the bugaboo of Jewish economic domination, or Father Ross would show that the concentration of Jews in certain fields was a result of restrictions placed upon them by Christian governments.

From the standpoint of the travelers, the most important results were the proposals of local people. In Des Moines, for instance, Mr. Studebaker, superintendent of schools, suggested that if once or twice a year each high school in the state could see a priest, a minister and a rabbi addressing its assembly from the same platform, much would be accomplished in eliminating religious bigotry. Certainly, one of the most heartening experiences of the tour was the response of high school assemblies. At Madison, Wisconsin, for instance, over 1,700 boys and girls crowded the auditorium, and, after very short introductory talks, were given a chance to ask questions. The principal had expressed strong doubt as to the possibility of eliciting any response; but the students were so eager for information that half a dozen had their hands up at once. When the end of the assembly period came, they were still intensely interested, and the principal announced that as they were getting so much more out of this than they would from an ordinary class, any who wished might remain through the next period. All stayed.

Similar experiences were repeated wherever there was the opportunity to address a high school assembly. And if local trios of a priest, a minister and a rabbi could thus cover every high school in the country twice a year—perhaps at Thanksgiving and George Washington's birthday—with a program emphasizing the American principle of religious freedom, in a few years it would be impossible to find recruits for a Klan movement. By reaching every high school, practically all the responsible people in the population would be affected. Those who go to college have all been to high school previously, but many who go to high school never attend college. These high school students are old enough to be thinking about the problems of inter-group relations, and yet they are young enough to be easily influenced in the right direction.

The reception in Butte, Montana, was remarkable. Within the memory of some who attended a small meeting in the home of Rabbi Sternheim, there had been bloodshed and loss of life during the A. P. A. agitation. Yet as soon as the doors of the largest theatre in town, seating about 1,600, were opened, the place was crowded, with all available standing room taken. So arrangements were hastily made to have an overflow meeting at the Knights of Columbus hall a block away. This, too, was soon crowded with a thousand more persons, and hundreds were turned away. One of the humors of the trip was to see President Brooks, of Intermountain College, Helena, in spats and a cutaway guiding the milling crowd into the overflow meeting.

Monsignor Day, the venerable vicar-general of Helena, attended the meetings in Butte, and at the afternoon session with a small group of selected leaders made the suggestion that not only should this committee be continued in Butte, but a similar committee should be organized in every city in Montana. Such a group, he said, could act as a sort of clearing-house to dissipate unfounded rumors tending to create inter-group friction. An illustration of this occurred at the meeting, where it was said that many thought the Catholics as Catholics were opposing the bond issue for a new high school because it would compete with an existing Catholic high school. It developed that some Catholics were opposed to the bond issue, but as taxpayers, not as Catholics. And Monsignor Willging, pastor of a local church, asserted that he had signed the petition for a new high school, hoping to buy the old building for a Catholic high school for girls!

The "three wise men" realize fully that their tour will be a mere flash in the pan unless local committees can carry on regularly. And so Monsignor Day's suggestion, which met with eager confirmation in Butte, struck a most responsive chord in their hearts. In fact, their purpose whereever they appeared was to stimulate local people to perpetuate the work, and the soundest ground for optimism is that committees pledged to such continuation were formed in all the 35 cities. The

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enthusiasm everywhere seems to indicate that the time is ripe for an extension of the National Conference of Jews and Christians through local committees in all key cities, with Catholic, Protestant and Jewish co-chairmen. After a number of such local committees have been formed in a particular state, three state co-chairmen could be selected to push the work of organizing additional local committees.

Wherever possible, existing organizations and agencies could be used. For instance, besides the specific task of reaching the high school assemblies, the appearance of a priest, a rabbi and a minister on the program of women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, Rotary, Lions, etc., could be arranged. There would be practically no expense attached to such a state organization, and yet it would prove a tremendous educational force in bringing about better relations between those of different faiths.

During the first part of the tour at large meetings the three members of the team made separate speeches. Gradually, however, they developed a conversational or trialogue method even for mass meetings and for broadcasting. No one spoke more than two or three minutes at a time, each contributing something to the particular point being made. They might be compared to the three backs of a football team, no individual monopolizing the carrying of the ball, but the play shifting from one to another as rapidly as the signals of a quarterback. In this way there was a spontaneity in the discussion that would have been impossible with set speeches, the interest of the audience was more sustained, and the picture of a priest, a rabbi and a minister thus cooperatively discussing human relations was more vividly impressed upon the minds of the people. Furthermore, it was easy in this way to draw the audience itself into asking questions if anyone wished a completer answer on a particular point.

The general impression of the tour is that the people are ready and eager for the idea of greater justice, amity and understanding among Protestants, Jews and Catholics. At Kansas City, one man drove 250 miles each way to attend the meeting, and others traveled almost as far. At Jackson, Mississippi, there were men from other cities as distant as 150 miles. In the municipal auditorium accommodating 4,000, four judges of the Supreme Court of Mississippi sat on the platform. There is no doubt whatever that the American people can be enthused with the idea of better human relations, if only those interested are willing to do a little work. Such an effort now will be the traditional ounce of prevention, worth much more than a pound of cure after a wave of bigotry is at its flood.

On the whole, it seems true that the sufferings of this depression have drawn us all together, so that we realize no one group can rise at the expense of another. Something of the same unifying influence that we experienced during the Great War is at work. We must all hang together, as John Hancock put it, or we shall all hang separately. The principles of social justice, as expressed by Pius XI, the Federal Council of Churches, the Conference of American Rabbis, have much in common. There is, too, the task of producing a temperate America to which we can all devote ourselves. The depression can take the place of a foreign enemy in making us approach our civic and national problems with a united front.

RENEWING A FRIENDSHIP

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

FRANCE and England, who to the great detriment of Europe have been following for more than ten years policies often discordant and sometimes quite opposed, have just agreed to be friends again. True, it is an agreement entered into with caution. But it is none the less an important sign, pointing, I am sure, to mutual trust, and the revival of harmony. It is interesting to inquire into the changes of mood which, in the course of the last fifty years, have intermittently separated and united these two nations.

For a long time actual warfare kept them apart. Up to the time of Napoleon the entire history of France is the history of a struggle against England. Louis Philippe and then Napoleon III were the first French rulers to sue for cordial relations with the English government. But after the War of 1870 rivalries flared up again. Bismarck in every way encouraged France in her colonial policy because he hoped that policy would keep her in never-ending conflict with the great colonial power, England. His prophecy was correct. From 1880-1900 in Siam, in Egypt, in the Sudan, the two countries opposed each other, threatened each other, but always at the last moment had the good sense to come to terms. A reconciliation was finally reached in 1904. France gave up Egypt; France acquired Morocco. Throughout all the world the limits of power were defined. In the beautiful phrase of Paul Valéry, the epoch of a "finished" world was beginning. For both

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England and France colonial bickerings were at an end.

Now right here worked in France's favor one of those traditional formulas beloved at the time by English diplomats: England must always oppose the strongest power on the Continent. Now, thanks to Bismarck, that country was Germany. She let it be known that her future lay on the seven seas. She was building up a dangerous navy. Nothing more was needed to stir up England's deepest instincts.

The English people—a people whose middle class is all-powerful, peace-loving, not given to talk—had a horror of the theatrical flourishes, the noisy, swaggering speeches of the Emperor. It is true that many English Liberals then in power loved, by ancient traditions and religious ties, German culture. Certain of the English ministers like Lord Haldane (a remarkable man whom England has to thank for having an army ready at the beginning of the war) were impregnated by it. France—symbolized in London streets in 1903 by M. Loubet with his white beard, his black suit, and his kindly manner—seemed well-bred and peaceful. England loved her.

Then came the war and victory. Soon it was France which became, at least seemingly, the most powerful nation on the Continent. Now England's familiar formula played against her. But nations are more complex than phrases; and nothing is more unsafe than to take a slogan for a truth. It was absolutely false to compare the position of France in 1920 with that of Germany in 1912. Germany in 1912 was a country in the throes of development and therefore unsatisfied, yearning. France in 1920 was, like England herself, a country fully developed. She had no desire for conquest: she was avid for one thing only and that, peace. But this difference was not understood.

"At that time we made two mistakes," an Englishman said to me a few days ago. "We thought that the Germans after the war, subdued by defeat, had become English in spirit; and we thought that the French, drunk with victory, had become like the Germans before the war."

In England at this time France was credited with imperialistic designs. About 1924 the Opposition started a campaign against the policies, too French for its tastes, of Sir Austen Chamberlain. The Laborites hit upon this accusation first, because in any political campaign it is necessary to say something that the opponent hasn't said; and also because it responded in many English minds to vague but strong beliefs. Respect for the opponent, the hand extended to the defeated boxer, the cheer for the vanquished athletic team—these in England are deeply rooted and chivalrous traditions. Many Englishmen reproached the French for refusing to conciliate with Germany immediately after the war.

At every turn, in every conference between these two allied nations, differences of temperament, of point of view, of spirit were evident. It isn't necessary to overemphasize the importance of these national characteristics. It is not true that all English women are red-haired, nor that all Frenchmen are logical. But speaking in general, the Frenchman cannot be quite easy in his mind unless he has outlined the future with a certain preciseness: unless he has a plan. True, in general, that the Englishman lives mainly in the present, finds it impossible to imagine difficulties before they present themselves, and regards plans with polite disdain. Hence the feeling of deception on the part of the Frenchman when he thought the English faithless to the plans they had adopted in common. Hence also the moments of English irritation when they judged the French absurdly loyal to projects no longer warranted by conditions.

Why have harmonious relations been renewed? And how?

The personal friendship between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot has had much to do with it. M. Herriot's natural generosity of spirit, his wide culture, have won him sympathy in England. The the moderation with regard to Germany shown by the French at Lausanne have conquered and reassured many other British statesmen who went to Lausanne with some misgivings. Furthermore, the German Nationalist Movement has beyond any doubt contributed to the understanding by showing the English that if they are different from the French they are still more different from the Germans. When a compact is being drawn up the Englishman asks himself, "What must it say?" The Frenchman says, "How must it say it?" And the German, "How is it going to turn out?" The French mind loves to imagine the past as the future crystallized; to the German the future is fluid, without form. The English mind is surprised by the conservatism, the moderation, of the French on the one hand, and by the extravagance of the German on the other.

Living on the ever-changing, ever-elusive border which separates the past from the future, in the immediate present of events, England may if she chooses serve as a political link, and possibly a spiritual one, between Germany and France.

The King

(After Lao Tse)

Receiving tribute from each lavish giver,
The ocean keeps each mountain-stream in thrall:
The ocean lords it over every river,
Because it holds itself below them all . . . .

LOUIS GINSBERG.

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BLUE EAGLE AND BEET-SUGAR

By ARTHUR E. GLEASON

IN 1932 two daring newspaper reporters discovered and published the many delinquencies of prominent Washingtonians and pertinently dedicated their revealing book, "More Merry-Go-Round," to those who pay for the ride. In 1934 some able pen should acquaint the public with the many evils of the beet-sugar racket and dedicate the exposé to those who pay for the sugar.

Knowledge of the beet-sugar business enjoys but a very limited circulation. Occasionally an American citizen down East will hear or perhaps read a few stray words about the miserable lot of the serfs who tend the vast sugar-beet fields out West. But meager indeed is the information on the greed of capital and the plight of labor in this industry, an industry safely hidden behind a throttled press and profitably operating behind a huge tariff wall. Money talks: and money can also buy silence.

For illustration, more beet-sugar is grown and refined in Colorado than in any other state; nevertheless within its wide boundaries one can scarcely find three or four news organs free enough and brave enough and interested enough to inform the public of the wretched conditions prevailing among the unfortunates who crawl and stoop over thousands of acres set in beets, thousands of men, women and children toiling to make a bare subsistence wage for themselves and millions in profits for others. But a venal press can exchange silence for dollars. Perhaps the commonplace does not make good news, still there are many facts about the beet-sugar business that should be brought to the attention of everyone who buys a bag of sugar, or desires justice and fair prices.

When Secretary Wallace launched his Domestic Allotment Plan to better if possible the agricultural status, trouble and dissatisfaction were inevitable, but some measure of success did reward his courageous efforts. Farmers were not altogether untractable folk. Not so, however, the vested sugar interests. These giants in the commodity camp participated in heated hearings at Washington last August, hearings designed to effect a stabilization agreement; but refiners and beet-grower associations refused absolutely to accept any restrictive quota on the sugar-beet output. They must have all the millions that can be squeezed from the sugar-beet and from the public pocket. Of course the government could put these defiant companies entirely out of business simply by removing the import tax on raw cane sugar, a move which, incidentally, would reduce our sugar bill by more than $250,000,000 yearly.

But the proposed stabilization agreement went into the waste-basket, and a new committee was projected to handle the unpleasant beet-sugar situation. The new method devised for controlling the sugar titans included a government supervisor, and likewise a sales or process tax to be levied on the consumer. This additional processing tax, wholly uncalled for, was to be superimposed on the above-mentioned $250,000,000 tariff, a tariff which the American purchaser must pay annually for a table necessity. The beet-sugar tycoons, contentedly conscious of their already enormous profits, did not object to the public paying an unnecessary, an unfair tax on their product, for the consumer is destined to receive as little consideration as possible. But they did rise up in their might and tell the government that they would submit to no directive regulation in their business.

So much for the resistance of capital. But what, one may ask, is the blue eagle and his high-powered organization doing for the slaves of the sugar kings? The question is pertinent. The purpose of the NRA is to restore prosperity by raising wages and thus increase purchasing power; by shortening hours and thus spread employment; by abolishing child labor and thus secure placements for adult workers. Worthy ends and appropriate means, these. It is, then, disappointing but true that the great blue eagle has done little to help the underpaid, overworked thousands who grub in field and toil in factory to supply the American table with beet-sugar. Here we find an industry that cries aloud for legislative interference; here we find an industry in which wages are shamefully low, in which hours are excessively long, in which children are outrageously exploited. And why is nothing done to right the wrong? Because the Industrial Recovery Act expressly excludes agricultural workers, and therefore NRA cannot directly force up the starvation wages now paid "hands" in the beet field; because the beet growers make contracts with the father only, although his whole family must help him earn a starvation wage, an arrangement whereby crafty employers evade the state laws against the employment of child labor; because school supervisors, elected for brief terms, stand in awe of the sugar interests (neatly allied with local bankers) and accordingly shut their official eyes to wholesale evasions of the child labor and the school attendance laws. Unfortunately, it seems that little can—or will?—be done at Washington for the benefit of field workers. The state, however, has a serious obligation to protect both the child whose needed labor makes possible the unspeak-

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able wages paid adult workers, and the father who cannot send his children to school because his own sun-up to sunset toil will not be requited with a living wage. The child must work to help the father, and the presence of the child in the field reduces the pay of the father—a most vicious circle. And when a state blinks at such a condition it is to be feared that, like the press, the state wears willing shackles of gold.

But, someone may object, the President has already signed a code for the benefit of laborers in the beet-sugar business and soon we shall see the coveted eagle nesting around the refineries that dot the states of Colorado, Utah, Idaho and California. Why speak of long hours and shameful wages right after "fair wages" and a forty-hour week has been officially instituted? Because the worst paid workers, those who labor in the field, are not getting anything near a decent living wage and nothing has been done to assist them. The code so graciously accepted by the refiners applies only to factory hands, nor must one overlook this little point: The code exempts the companies from complying with the forty-hour week during the harvesting of the beets and the manufacture of sugar. In other words, the factory owners are bound to the forty-hour week only when not operating. This is quite an agreeable arrangement for employers already using the "stretch-out system" whereby fewer men do more work at reduced rates. In reporting on their handsome revenues, officers refer to this stretch-out plan as "certain economies in operating."

One may, however, continue to urge the question: Were not wages increased? Apparently, yes. Now ponder a few facts. Since 1930, when the sugar lobbyists talked a complacent Congress into boosting their highest of high tariffs still more, a gentle boost that costs the public $57,800,000 a year, and of course benefits the beet-sugar companies, these same companies thanked the nation by thrice cutting the wages of their factory help. Some skilled workers who formerly received as much as $.65 an hour saw their pay rates sliced to as low as $.32 for the same work. (We do not recall the price of suar dropping to half price in that period.) The code now demands a minimum of $.32½ an hour. But few are the workers who can rejoice over a raise of from $.02½ to $.05 an hour, especially since more work is exacted per man.

The possible plea of slack business, depression prices and so forth as a valid reason for forcing down the laborer's pay and the farmer's price on beets is inadmissible. During the "slack year" of 1932-1933 one of the largest companies paid its usual 7 percent on preferred, amounting to $1,050,000, and approximately $4,320,000 on its common stock. Inability to pay a fair price for the beets used and the labor hired is not a fact. Recently one of the wealthiest companies, with the surmised view of screening huge accumulated profits, organized a subsidiary, bequeathing the rich baby company $9,000,000 of undivided profits. The common stock of such a fortunate offspring is too valuable to be bandied about on the open market, so it stayed in the hands of the parent company. In this way, i. e., organizing a new company, excess profits can slip into surplus of the original corporation without attracting too much attention.

No excuse is acceptable from companies well able to pay fair prices for materials, raw products and labor when such companies are ultimately responsible for much human misery and want because profits are ever given first consideration. Such a situation is thoroughly uncomplimentary to the states, to the nation, to our civilization, and yet it seems to be a common code in many an industry. Even when NRA does attempt to work out a code for the benefit of the working-man, the money man invariably cribs and cabins governmental efforts until the final draft satisfies his solitary interest, profit. Surely the blue eagle had his claws well trimmed before flying to the Western beet-sugar factories.

We must not, however, straightway condemn the emblematic eagle because so little has been done to assist labor in beet field and sugar factory. Shrewd, selfish lobbyists are powerful opponents, a fact well understood by President Wilson when he said:

> I think the public ought to know the extraordinary exertions being made by the lobby in Washington. . . . It is of serious interest to the country that the people at large should have no lobby while great bodies of astute men seek to create an artificial opinion and to overcome the interests of the public for private profit.

And referring to the sugar lobby, that President said:

> Washington has seldom seen so numerous, so industrious or so insidious a lobby.

In these days, too, President Roosevelt, General Johnson, Secretary Wallace and other high officials are smothered with telegrams and pleas for further advantages. When beet-growers' associations, which are a special of "company union" controlled by the larger sugar companies, sprinkle dust in honest eyes, claim to represent the farmer, rant about "maintaining American standards of living"; when business giants refuse restrictive quotas; when such influences are at work for private gain, we cannot expect NRA to win a decisive victory for public welfare unless the public joins in the strife.

America, in its issue of November 4, remarks editorially:

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> The refusal of employers to pay a living wage is now generally recognized as one of the worst forms of unfair competition. Under the Recovery Act something has been done to eliminate it, but the practise will doubtless continue until proper legislation, supported by public opinion, puts it beyond the pale.

To secure this proper legislation, to create this strong public opinion, to reduce excessive profits, to strive for living wages for labor is indeed a civic duty, a duty to be passed lightly to someone other. If nothing is done to correct evils existing in the sugar-beet field and the beet-sugar business, and in all profit-first industries, we shall continue to see charity funds fathered and dispersed to keep alive the indigent, underpaid, underfed workers of extremely rich companies responsible for their worker's poverty. What an anomaly! Charity must subsidize wealth!

With the local press conveniently silent, the people hear little or nothing of the grave injustice done worker and farmer, yet the whole nation should hear and heed a cry that calls to heaven for—at least—correction. The Colorado Knights of Columbus, under the able leadership of Mr. Thomas F. Mahony, have long fought to protect the thousands of Catholic workers in beet field and factory from the rapacity of the grower and the refiner.

Other organizations should lend their influence and if possible their active cooperation to arouse the states to their responsibilities toward children and wage-earners, and all should help mold a strong public opinion against stockholders and executives who gain their millions annually "by economies in operations," that is, by defrauding labor of a just wage. The blue eagle cannot fight alone.

WILL THE RUSSIANS COME BACK?

By EDWIN RYAN

ON PENTECOST SUNDAY, 1933, at St. Paul's Friary in Graymoor, a scene was enacted which may under God's providence appear to future generations as momentous and as pregnant of blessing as that scene enacted nearly a century ago at Littlemore, when Newman knelt before Father Dominic to make profession of the Catholic faith. In the Chapel of the Atonement knelt a man, Vladimir Alexandrof, who for over thirty years had been laboring in what he sincerely believed to be the vineyard of his Master but which the light of faith had finally revealed to him as but a detached portion of that vineyard, cut off (but through no fault of its own) from that Master's earthly Vicar and in consequence suffering the spiritual disadvantages entailed by separation from the divinely appointed center of Christian unity.

The revolution which had swept away the Czar's government and with it much of the spiritual tradition linked with that government had so crippled the Church of Russia that her enemies were gleefully predicting her imminent extinction, while her friends were oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings. Though there was no official persecution, though a Russian was still technically free to attend the church services and to receive the sacraments, anyone who dared to do so was marked. For him there was neither ration card nor work card; the open profession of his faith meant misery and often death. In addition, the almost total destruction of ecclesiastical organization produced baneful effects on the Russian communities in the United States and Canada. Their clergy decreased, their financial resources dwindled, so that by 1930 the outlook for many a Russian parish in North America was well-nigh hopeless.

In their distress some of them began to seek help outside their own communion and at once help was offered them, but on conditions which no Russian faithful to the teachings of his church could possibly consider. Religious bodies farther from the center of Christian unity than were the Russians themselves made specious overtures, hoping to keep the Russians from Rome by attracting them elsewhere—and of course expecting in return a recognition of invalid orders. Some nibbled at that bait, a few swallowed it, the majority refused the tempting morsel. Among that majority were some priests and lay persons who, like the prodigal son far from his father's house and crushed by suffering, "entered into themselves." They saw in their tribulations the Hand of God mercifully chastising them unto repentance, and they began to say, "Let us arise and go to our Father!"

But then they recoiled before that journey. Centuries of misrepresentation had bred in them a fear of Rome and of the Father who rules from there and who, did they but know it, was waiting and watching for them, and longing to "run forward and fall upon their necks and kiss them." What Newman has called "the associations of years past" were powerfully tugging at their hearts, and so they hesitated. But more powerful still was the grace of God drawing them onward, and it secured a victory on that day last June when a Russian priest, who had held high

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office in his own church and had been designated an archbishop, acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See, accepted the teachings of that see, and was welcomed into full communion. Then, immediately afterward, without any question of his orders, he proceeded to offer the Eucharist as for thirty-seven years he had been offering It, according to the ancient and beautiful rite of St. John Chrysostom, but with the difference that he now did so as Chrysostom himself had done, in filial obedience to the Apostolic See and with a prayer for "Our Holy Lord the Bishop of Rome."

Six months have passed, and during that time hundreds of letters have reached him, some from Roman Catholics but many more from Russian Catholics, and these latter assure him that they admire him for what he has done and eagerly inquire how he is being treated by "the Latins." Even from China has come a plea for a message to the Russians of Shanghai, who want to know how it fares with one who goes over to Rome. Are the Latins friendly? Do they speak kindly of the Russians? Do they acknowledge our orders? If we united with them, would they make us give up our rite? Hitherto he has had to confine himself to personal and individual answers to these and similar queries, but he feels that under proper official guidance an approach to the Russians would be marvelously fruitful. Already fourteen Russian priests in the United States have evinced a desire for union with Rome, and when it becomes clear that Rome stands prepared to accept them as priests and that far from seeking to suppress their rite she fosters its preservation, more will be ready to take the step.

Striking indeed would it be if the estrangement begun nearly a thousand years ago on the shore of the Bosphorus were to be healed in America; yet such a consummation is far from visionary, for the return of the Russians in the United States and Canada might well prove the beginning of a like movement among the Russians at home, and that would inevitably affect the churches in eastern Europe generally.

Much, then, depends on how we Latins in the United States act toward them. Sympathy, friendliness, a desire to help in any way we can, will promote the designs of Our Lord on that great community which has never formally separated from Rome but was only dragged into separation at the heels of Constantinople. Apart from the Roman primacy, the differences in doctrine between us and them are microscopic (if they exist at all). And there is one fact whereon we can base with confidence our most sanguine hopes: Throughout her history the Church of Russia has never wavered in her intense and childlike devotion to the Mother of God. That Mother will see to it that they get their reward.

LIQUOR CONTROL

By JAMES E. CASSIDY

DR. RAYMOND B. FOSDICK and Mr. Albert L. Scott, the authors (or compilers) of "Toward Liquor Control" (New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00) gave the results of their labors an apt title when they named it "Toward Liquor Control" with emphasis on the "toward." For with the consciousness of the all-time necessity of some control of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, runs an equally strong conviction of the complexity and difficulty of such control, and that the best that organized society can do is to legislate and enforce (?) *toward* such control. Society, in the words of the authors, faces "a struggle with one of the most difficult human problems—to wit: to curb the social consequences of excess." The authors do not consider the use of liquor *malum in se*. It is the excess that is to be avoided.

In this book is presumably written a formula to replace the prohibition "recipe," which has seemingly failed to effect a "cure," i.e., control. In attempting to compile a new formula Messrs. Fosdick and Scott have not seemed quite fair to the compounder of the prohibition recipe. They write: "It was this search for a cure-all that brought us the Eighteenth Amendment." Here at last was a magic formula, a simple solution, by which age-old evils could with one stroke be eliminated" (chapter I, page 5). I believe this to be an unconscious misstatement of fact. Very few (if any) prohibitionists had any idea that the Eighteenth Amendment would be a "cure-all," would be a "simple solution," would be a "one-stroke eliminator" of liquor excess and practically all knew very well that the Eighteenth Amendment was no such "magic formula." On the contrary, they knew that law or no law, liquor would be made, sold, drunk to excess, with all consequent evils, despite prohibition. But unnumbered multitudes appalled at the evils of excess, many of them drinkers themselves, were sick of the saloon, the admittedly everywhere unqualfied social curse. They were ready to "vomit out of their mouths" the domination, particularly in state, city and town, through saloon control, of unscrupulous and heartless brewery interests. The movement to dominate this evil was well named "Anti-Saloon." Had any leader arisen (in 1918) and demonstrated satisfactorily a formula for an at least partly fair and just and merciful and considerate saloon-substitute there would have been no Eighteenth Amendment.

To the writer here appears the fundamental fault in all this "Toward Liquor Control." In desperation and disgust the majority of voters in two-thirds of the states jumped into prohibition to get out of the saloon, with no preparation to substitute any workable thing for it. And now a majority of those voting in two-thirds of the states have jumped again in seeming desperation and disgust, out of prohibition back again into the saloon, with no intelligent notion or working plans for the avoidance of the saloon's necessary evils. (The writer will not waste time in disproving any such claim as

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"The saloon will not come back." It has already come back in a multitude of states.) It might be truly said that the nation jumped into prohibition to get out of saloonism, and has now jumped back again into saloonism to get out of bootlegism.

Again the writers of the new formula for liquor control have misinterpreted, misread the old rejected formula. They say "Men cannot be made good by force." "Advance in human society cannot be brought about by night-sticks and patrol wagons." Thus Messrs. Fosdick and Scott have unwittingly taken to the use of the same poison gas used by anti-prohibitionists to fight prohibition-misrepresentation. They write as though unaware that the Eighteenth Amendment did not make drinking or the drinking habit a crime. It made liquor making, liquor selling, a crime and the night-sticks and patrol wagons (always in order for excess liquor drinkers) were not for those who drank but for those who made or smuggled and sold. It was merely and simply a desperate and despairing attempt to partly remove from excess drinkers the "occasion of sin." But it seemingly made life too hard not only for the excess drinkers but for the moderate and prudent drinkers alike and thereby it failed.

There is an old saying, "Nihil de mortuiis nisi bonum." Prohibition is dead. Many would say there is no *bonum* to say about it, from which the writer, though never a prohibitionist, would vigorously disagree. But the old phrase might be changed into "Nihil de mortuiis, nisi justum." And it is not just to say that the Eighteenth Amendment, now dead, ever made drinking a crime, ever tried to make men good by force, except indirectly. It was, evidently, an excessive attempt "Toward Liquor Control." Now, in its place, rises another formula, the makers of which should be just, at least, toward the fallen and discredited would-be-controllers. This is not a plea to salvage prohibition (let the prohibitionists do that, if they can), but merely an expression of a feeling of uneasiness toward the new formula, aroused by the unfairness of its makers toward the old. To give serious consideration to this new formula, one must be assured of the clear-mindedness and good judgment and fairness of its compounders.

Now to analyze the formula. Its chief components are: (1) legislation; (2) education.

(1) Legislation: It is worth noting here that while "Toward Liquor Control" loudly proclaims that men cannot be made good by force, naively disallowing the belief that "law is the chief bulwark of temperance," that "law is not a royal road to a moral goal," yet by far the larger part of this book is exclusively devoted to legislation, which with the prohibitionists was termed making men "good by force." "We shall deal almost exclusively with legislative arrangements and legal restrictions."

Under liquor legislation an immediate and radical distinction is made between (a) fermented beverages; (b) distilled liquors. I am convinced that this would be a great improvement on the old system of licensing.

(a) Fermented beverages are 3.2 beer and natural wines—whatever either of these may mean. For such, "Toward Liquor Control" advocates an unrestricted sale. for "off-the-premises consumption in grocery, drug, delicatessen and general stores," for on-the-premises consumption in restaurants, hotels, beer gardens and, indeed, in any reputable establishment (page 32).

Thus do Messrs. Fosdick and Scott declare for a wide-open country in such beverages of lesser alcoholic content. This, of course, is all founded on the supposition that beer will be always 3.2 and nothing more, and wine natural and nothing else under these labels. Could this be attained again, this would be a great step forward. It must be kept in mind, however, that although there are beer and wine drunkards, and with women the worst type is the beer soaked, this is but a small part of the problem.

This is not Germany with its beer gardens and beer habits; nor is it Italy with its wine restaurants and wine habits. This is America with its whisky, rum and particularly lately gin habits.

All the more reason, "Toward Liquor Control" will say, "that we should separate the two and endeavor to wean off from whisky to wine, from gin to beer. It surely would help much.

(b) The formula for the distribution and sale of distilled liquor is the main thesis of the book. Starting out with the admitted condition, "for better or worse the liquor business is here," and "private profit motive by which sales are artificially stimulated is the greatest single contributing cause of the evils of excess" (page 91), the authors propose a state liquor monoply, a system by which the state government takes over as a public monopoly the retail sale, through its own stores, of the heavier alcoholic beverages for off-premises consumption and give this method the name of the "State Alcohol Control Authority." "The primary task of the authority would be the establishment of a chain of its own retail stores for the sale of the heavier alcoholic beverages by package only (pages 164-166).

It will be seen that in this proposition "Toward Liquor Control" would make no provision for the on-the-premises consumption of heavier alcoholic beverages by the glass, hoping to allay the public demand and thirst for such by "a generous provision for the on-the-premises sale of beer and natural wine, together with the sale of stronger beverages by the package in the authority's shops." The sale (and consumption) of alcoholic beverages would thus be separated into two great branches or departments: those dispensing beverages of lighter alcoholic content under private control; those dispensing beverages of heavier alcoholic content under state control.

It would ncessitate almost an entire edition of THE COMMONWEAL to explain these two proposals and to make proper (or improper, or perchance imprudent) comment on the possibility of their efficient functioning. Suffice to say they are based on a purpose: to give private profit a comparatively free hand in the sale of beverages of lighter alcoholic content, since they presumably do not

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contribute much by excess to social evil; and to divorce private profit entirely from the retail sale of spirituous liquors (page 61). "The profit-motive is the ace of the whole problem." "Any other method holds out only the prospect of an endless guerilla warfare between a nation fighting for temperance and a traffic that thrives on excess" (page 62).

To enforce this scheme would be hard sledding because of the opposition of private interests. Our people have originated the American saloon, where both light and heavy alcoholic-content beverages may be sold for consumption on or off the premises. The American saloon was and will be again *sui generis*. It "legally" went out with prohibition. None defended it. Many rightly execrated it. No one with a semblance of public esteem contended for its return. Yet, it is now returning, albeit "Toward Liquor Control" says: "The saloon was a menace to society and must never be allowed to return. Public opinion has not forgotten the evils symbolized by this disreputable institution and it does not intend that it shall worm its way back into our social life." What dyed-in-the-wool prohibitionist was ever more unqualifiedly optimistic! The saloon does not have to worm its way back. It is being lugged back with loud acclaim by legislators all over the nation.

Where are the office-holders and office-seekers and politicians and legislators who cried so loudly, "We abhor the saloon! We do not want it back"? Are their voices now raised against its return? Or rather are they not, sometimes publicly, oftentimes secretly and covertly, clearing the way for the saloon's return? And how vain the hope of constraining liquor evils by eliminating profits, when the national adminstration has officially smashed down the bars of prohibition as violently as Carrie Nation ever smashed down the bars of the saloon, on the plea, "We must have revenue." National liquor-tax-revenue depends on consumption, and increased and stimulated consumption depends on distribution and advertising and minimum control.

The legality of liquor selling in the United States went out in the aftermath of the World War—to end war!—in an at least professed attempt to save bodies and souls. And the illegality of liquor selling in the United States goes out in the depths and degradation of depression—in a professed attempt to make revenue! "Sauve qui peut."

Good, bad or indifferent, "Toward Liquor Control" will get no hearing in this sitting of the national court if there be anything in it to lessen national profits. Not the baloney dollar, but the beer dollar is sought.

Says "Toward Liquor Control": "Now is the time to act if the State Alcoholic Authority Plan is ever to be tried in the United States." But "the time to act" has come and gone, and the voices of Messrs. Fosdick and Scott and Rockefeller have been wasted on the desert air.

(2) There is left but "education." All can accept without qualifications the brief suggestions of "Toward Liquor Control," to education (a) in the general social situation, (b) in the immediate environment and (c) in the family. In the past too much has been left to the school, and what has been done there has too often been done emotionally and exaggeratedly and perfunctorily, and without spirit or interest. More common sense in this line would work much greater and better results.

In conclusion, I repeat that the formula formulated by "Toward Liquor Control," with its division of light and heavy liquor dispensation into two distinct fields, and consumption on and off the premises, would, if it were given a fair trial, be a vast improvement on the old saloon licensing system. For many years I was rector of a parish in which there was one unique place where distilled liquors only were sold, only in packages, for non-consumption on the premises; and whatever may have been the evils of excess when the packages were opened and the contents consumed, the place itself was as different from the ordinary barroom as was a shoe store or candy shop.

Yet, as a Catholic bishop, the writer is in fullest agreement with the decree of the Council of Baltimore, that the liquor business is dangerous and precarious and that it is to be avoided, not only by the customer, but by the prospective owner or bar-tender. And as a life-long total abstainer, he believes that total abstinence is the surest safeguard and protection against, in the individual, the evils of excess, having in mind the words of Father Mathew and having seen them verified in his own experience: "I have seen the Cedars of Lebanon go toppling to the earth."

The City of Angels

I was enamoured of this street of fire
And always warmed my spirit at its flame,
But oh, tonight the joy beyond desire
When to my sight the wingéd legions came.

I saw their garments blowing in the night,
I heard the swish of their great glistening wings,
I saw their holy faces, flowers of light,
And now I taste the manna rapture brings.

As in one cloud the orchard beauty settles
Over the weeds and grasses everywhere,
So from the tree of God these blessed petals
Drift downward through the fragrant shining air.

The angel guardians of the souls of men,
Mine own among them, watch above their brood,
These are the streets of innocence again,
This is the city of beatitude.

Naught could surprise me now: no indecorum
Incredible of heaven to earth come down,
Not even the sight of Regina Angelorum
Trailing the stars of midnight in her gown.

JESSICA POWERS.

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COME AND SEE

By PAUL BUSSARD

IT WAS somewhat disconcerting to find myself seated at supper between a Protestant minister from Denmark and a Protestant professor from America. It was my first meal as guest of the Abbey of Maria Laach, and I had expected only the company of believers. However, the American professor answered grace with a believer's devotion, and the Danish minister, who for the first time in his life had become financially able to do a three weeks' tour of Germany, was intent upon spending one of the weeks at the abbey, so the company was not uninspiring.

I was told later that there is a constant stream of non-Catholics in and out of the monastery, even during the winter when the only reason it doesn't rain here is because it is too cold to rain. They come here to go to Mass and hear the monks of Laach pray the Office, and, in the case of the Danish minister at least, this is not prompted merely by curiosity. He was at Mass every day with a Missal, and at every canonical hour with his Breviary. And he was always asking me to find places for him. It was with sincere regret that he left, taking with him a copy of the famous Laach Madonna, saying, "I shall have this framed, and before it in my study at home continue to think about what I have seen."

They have a guest book here of course. It shows that during the past year well over two thousand persons stayed at the abbey for one or more days. How many tourists stopped for only a few hours no one knows or cares very much, because most of them were only tourists. Nor is there any record kept of conversions made by the abbey's influence. Indeed, such a thing would be impossible. But if you speak to the monks about it, they will begin to tell you how this one or that one was converted during or after a visit to Maria Laach.

There is no mystery about the influence which brings about such things. It is simply that here the Church can be seen more easily than in many other places. The monks make no attempt to convert their visitors. One is left entirely to oneself unless he wishes company. The hospitality is quite beyond reproach, but it does not obtrude itself upon the guest's privacy. The monks go about their business of working and praying as they have always done. They offer the Sacrifice of the Mass accurately according to the mind of the Church, and pray the Office with dignity and devotion, conscious of the fact that they are members of the Mystical Body of Christ performing their duty of praise of that fact and the generosity of God which has, in such a wonderful manner, made that fact actual. Through their instrumentality Christ lives and acts in an almost visible manner. The divine commerce between Head and members of the Church is in constant and perceptible actuality. Thus one can *see* the Church, and it is little wonder that the guest from Denmark went home to think about "what he had seen."

It is quite possible that what goes on here might also go on in any parish in the world, especially since the attempt of the monks to explain what they are doing has produced a great number of books about the Sacred Liturgy together with an astonishing flourish of art. The use of this material, though not indispensable, would prove exceedingly helpful in effecting a similar state of things elsewhere, and while the labor involved would doubtless be great, the effect would be well worth it in consideration of only one of its very minor aspects, its apologetic value.

When one of the newly called Apostles was asked if any good could come out of Nazareth, he said very simply, "Come and see." If any one of these monks were asked if any good is in the Catholic Church, he might answer in the same words, "Come and see." And if in any parish a similar situation prevailed and one of the parishioners were asked what good there is in this Catholic Church, he might also reply, "Come and see."

If that is an apologetic, it is somewhat different from the kind of apologetic which has been the natural consequence of the denials of the Reformation. That aimed at providing the lay Catholic with such theological equipment that on demand he could prove the divinity of the Church from Scripture, tradition and reason, or explain the use of images in the Church in a more or less satisfactory manner, but at any rate in a scholastic manner. This apologetic, if one can call it such, aims at teaching the lay Catholic to understand the Church with such adequacy and take part in the liturgy with such perfection that the divinity of the Church is made here and now ascertainable. And at the same time it produces images and pictures of such artistic value and depth of devotion that they explain themselves.

The two kinds (if there is such a distinction) are of course not exclusive. Both are important and necessary. It is merely a question of which should come first, or which is better adapted psychologically to the people of our age. The primary object of any sort of apologetic is to bring persons into contact with the sanctifying power of Christ in the Church, since only in that way can any great good come to the inquirer. The first kind goes about it in a negative manner, removing this and that obstacle until at last the road to Rome is cleared. The second goes about it in a positive manner, brings the inquirer immediately into contact with Christ living in the Church, transports the inquirer at once to Rome without having any road to clear.

The first is indirect. It begins at the far end with a debate which may, as likely as not, end in nothing more than a humiliating consciousness on the part of the inquirer that he has lost an argument. The second is immediately direct, and results, as likely as not, in the consciousness on the part of the inquirer that he has come into contact with a divine actuality and that all his difficulties have dwindled before it.

After all, the defense of the Church by apologetic, like the work of the confessional, is only the negative side of Catholic Action. The positive aspect, which is the deepening and strengthening of the supernatural life of the Mystical Body of Christ, is a great deal more important. The world-wide movement to accomplish that

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end (called liturgical) is essentially "the participation of the faithful in the holy mysteries" in an adequate manner, such as is done here at Laach. Doubtless, in a few years Catholics in every part of our land will be saying, "Come and see"; and their guests will be returning home to think about not a picture, but about the active presence of Christ in the Church which they have "seen."

Three Sonnets

(To S. K. M.)

I

I prayed the deathless gods when I was young
For some great task; rather, I did not pray,
But with proud heart, stout limb, and bellowing lung
Chose and announced my own adventurous way.
Danger enticed me: hearth and fire and friend
Seemed nothing to the fire within my breast,
Though even a fool expected at the end
Return and triumph and, after triumph, rest.

The immortals took me at my boastful word
(Though whether with a smile or with a sneer
I cannot tell). I know my prayer was heard,
Because I toil from desperate year to year
With hope undimmed, the shining goal in sight,
Nearly attained, so nearly—never quite.

II

Reckless I fling myself against the wall,
Yet can but loosen a block or two of granite.
That citadel, I know, will never fall,
Such are the fierce and obdurate powers that man it.
Still stands the beautiful imperious city,
A lure and barrier to my frustrate fate,
Unless some timid treacherous whim or pity
Creep, with keys clinking, to the postern gate.

But nothing less than absolute surrender
Will I accept, though beaten off again—
My wounded honor, than my wounds more tender,
Hearing itself a byword among men,
Who live their easy lives and cannot guess
How ardor can shame defeat and weariness.

III

Was Helen's beauty flaunted at the Greeks
By the insulting Trojans in their pride?
"See! there she walks, for whom five hundred weeks
The goodliest of our youths have fought and died!
Let Menelaus bite his thumbs for her,
While young Achilles sulks!" Oh, if so, I
Age in a cause more hopeless, as I aver,
And in that hopeless cause am like to die!

But since the impossible could come to them—
Victory crowned and winged—so even to me
(By what divine or human stratagem
Shrouds darkness) yet shall sweep wild victory.
Grey from the siege and scarred, I, too, shall earn
Beauty recaptured, and watch Ilium burn.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

COMMUNICATIONS

PARNASSUS ON WHEELS

Bethany, Conn.

TO the Editor: "All men to the front! See the books the lady has brought you!" At the shout of the guard, a commotion ensues, like a wave traveling the length of the cage that lines the tier of cells. Listless figures gather themselves togther and press against the bars, at the cell-block end, where two boxes of books and bushels of magazines have been laid down in full view by the trusties.

"Any man here want a book on any particular subject?" inquires Miss Parnassus.

"Have you anything on government, ma'am?" replies one strong-voiced captive. Meyers on American government, the gift of Professor Conover of Yale, is handed through the bars. Parnassus's escort supplies a pencil to the recipient, who writes his name on the card extracted from his book-pocket, starting that pack of cards later on to be consigned to the prisoner-librarian, who keeps that cell lined with book-shelves and labeled "Library" in Bridgeport, Connecticut, jail.

"Have you any poetry like that you gave me last time?" a gentle voice queries. It is the same black jailbird who had appropriated a massive anthology on a previous visit. "Why do Negroes so often ask for poetry?" Parnassus wonders as she selects an edition of poems.

Many prisoners want tales of adventure; the gay-jacketed novels attract others; volumes of science, philosophy, history, religion, and art meet the varied demands.

Often foreigners are pointed out as desirous of books in their native tongues, Italian, Polish, French, German, Portugese, Spanish. Once in New London jail a huge Pole was shoved to the front for exhibition since nobody there could pronounce his name. His desire for Polish literature was impressive. On the day following, Parnassus persuaded the good Polish priests and nuns of Norwich to bestow two stories and a Mass book for the edification of that unfortunate.

Another time when no Italian book was available for one poor Padrone, a volume with holy pictures was offered. "Oh Jesu! Oh Madonna!" was the rapturous response; art was his native language.

Prisoners' book wants have proved so amazing that Miss Parnassus never hesitates at distributing even fine classics in jail. "Have you any man here who understands Greek?" Instantly the guard made off with Parnassus's choice copy of Arnold's "Greek Lyrics," Greek in one column, English in the other, given by Berkeley Divinity School. Unfortunately with from six to nine tiers of cages over which to distribute books, Parnassus never discovered whether the Greek student was prisoner or officer.

Jailer Flanagan of Bridgeport jail, himself a member of Book of the Month Club, is a stanch friend of Parnassus on Wheels. Jailer Elanagan believes "that if criminals could be reached in time through reading and guidance of the sort they are experiencing now for the

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first time in their lives, the state would be saved much money and the men themselves much misery."

When jailers are book-lovers, guards venture to express literary tastes. One guard escorting Parnassus espied the "Addresses of Joseph Choate," gift of Yale law librarian, and requested the volume for himself, saying he was studying to be an orator. Another official expressed personal predilection for Anatole France.

Lest readers surmise that Parnassus's library collections are suspiciously high-brow, be it explained that most of Parnassus's books are voluntary donations from beneficent individuals such as Professor William Lyon Phelps, Judge Troup, Mrs. Irving Fisher, Miss Anna Sheen, Mr. H. S. Hinkle, and from institutions: Yale University Library, Yale Divinity School, St. Brendan's Parish, Sisters of the Atonement of Graymoor, the Convent of St. Joseph, Trinity and Christ Episcopal Churches, Plymouth Congregational Church, etc. But most donors give largely once or twice, then that source is exhausted, while the need to inspire and guide scores of prisoners in eight county jails is continuous. Perhaps some reader will help the cause.

On each jail visitation the aim is to offer a variety of worth-while subjects, fiction, history, religion, art, science, drama, verse, travel, adventure, philosophy, biography, with the expectation (usually verified) that interesting volumes properly introduced will find claimants.

Books not wanted in one jail pass to another and volumes if entirely unsuitable are exchanged for more appropriate subjects, at Whitlock's Bookstore, New Haven; Mr. Frankfort, the firm member, has afforded many of Parnassus's most valuable acquisitions, often at real sacrifice, for the sake of humanity.

By this time, you may have guessed the truth: Parnassus on Wheels is a voluntary jail library society. Christopher Morley loaned the title. Since the first meeting in November, 1932, Parnassus has increased to over a hundred and forty members, specializing in Yale professors and judges. Parnassus's Board of Directors includes most of Connecticut's supreme and superior court judges, headed by Chief Justice Maltbie in the following list: Judge Maltbie, Judge Wolfe, Judge Munger, Judge Caplan, Judge McEvoy, Judge Booth, Judge Banks, Judge Allyn Brown, Judge Ells, Judge Hinman, State's Attorney Hoyt, Attorney David Day of Connecticut Prison Board of Pardons, Father Magnell, former State Prison Chaplain, Monsignor McGivney of Knights of Columbus, Mrs. Percy Walden, Miss Rutz-Reese of Rosemary Hall, Mrs. Heathcote Woolsey. Parnassus aspires to a judge as director in every county, two more Protestant ministers and two rabbis to sit with the Catholic directors.

About once in six weeks Parnassus endeavors to travel around the circuit of eight county jails: Danbury, Litchfield, Bridgeport, New London, Norwich, Haddam, Brooklyn and Tolland; each time distributing books, about twenty-five to small jails and maybe fifty to large jails, besides leading magazines, both secular and religious. When possible, we always want to bring Mass prayer-books, New Testaments, Gospels, little holy pictures, medals, scapulars. You should see how the hands reach out for them!

Results are favorable when book-shelves are kept inside cell-blocks accessible to prisoners and administered by prisoner-librarians, but Norwich jail rejoices in a book-lover turnkey, who is also the self-appointed, enthusiastic jail librarian.

A Yale student furnishes New Haven jail with books from the New Haven Public Library; Hartford Public Library supplies the wants of Hartford Jail under a separate management; but in both cases the jail library leaders are members of Parnassus on Wheels. It was observed that less enthusiasm arose over a jail bookcase located outside in a jail office; when the jailer marched a prisoner up to it with the command, "Choose a book," the report is, the prisoner chose nothing! To become your friends, even books require proper introduction.

Parnassus's wheels run on its society dues, $1 a year for regular members, $5 for nymphs, $10 for muses. It takes continual begging to keep the thing going. Parnassus's transportation system varies: sometimes a neighborly gas-man for the consideration of $5 a day, plus cost of gas and refreshments, will drive Parnassus 250 miles in his auto to visit two jails and a judge; or some friend desirous of gaining interior views of jail life provides the car and escorts the books and librarian. May heaven send more such friends! Although it sounds so very impractical, the idea of Parnassus on Wheels has spread as far as San Francisco, California, from whence a social worker wrote, inquiring further details in hopes the jail book-wagons might take in California. As a friend once remarked, if faith can move one mountain, why not a mountain range? If jail book famines have been overcome in one state, why not put books in jails in every state?

The treasurer of Parnassus on Wheels is Mr. Harold Welch, The New Haven Bank, Orange and Chapel Streets, New Haven, Connecticut. The president is Reverend Clifton Brewer of Yale Divinity School, 553 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

Now that jail book famines have been overcome in Connecticut, the next aim of Parnassus is to organize jail forums. A Yale professor with one or more students has promised assistance in this endeavor. Jail forums should stimulate prisoners to formulate opinions based upon reliable authorities and to make their reading the source of permanent inspiration.

It may have been observed in every other state as well as Connecticut that when numbers of prisoners are kept incarcerated for protracted periods they develop an interior community public opinion, where the standards are most likely to be the standards of the underworld. Prisoners denied mental and spiritual inspiration may develop very evil mental habits—idle day-dreaming to the destruction of will power and mental concentration and the weakening of personal initiative; the drifting into moods of subconscious hate or the morbid fixations that tend toward insanity. The jail atmosphere is contagious; moral infections, though invisible, may be just as dan-

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gerous as physical infections; then unconsciously punishment becomes degradation, tending toward future crime.

Thank heaven for the jailers who let the book into jail, there to set up the standards of a higher life! These prisoners have minds created to be in God's image; these prisoners have souls whom Christ came to save; these are His poor to whom His living Gospel should be brought. Who will speed the mountain moving by faith?

MARY MICHAEL GENEVIEVE COWLES.

CHARLES PHILLIPS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Notre Dame students and recent alumni cannot fail to agree with Father John O'Hara that in the death of Charles Phillips "Notre Dame has lost one of her greatest teachers, one of her truest sons, one of her finest gentlemen."

Although he will be remembered for his literary work, Professor Phillips will remain in the minds of all the Notre Dame men who come in contact with him for his kindliness and friendliness. To him, any young man at Notre Dame was earnestly doing the best he could and consequently was deserving of respect and confidence. He could not believe that anyone was bad.

Often he said to individuals who were discouraged about their work or abilities, "It doesn't matter so much what you do as what kind of fight you put up." Students in his classes were often shamed into putting fullest efforts into their writing assignments, because on having their papers returned they found that "Ch. Ph." had written comments, criticism and encouragement to a much greater length than that in their original themes.

Those fortunate enough to be in his classes were given a love of literature based on learning, to sense the aliveness and humaneness in good writing regardless of its time or nation.

It would be to his honor if this love were retained and if someone or more of his pupils were to become noted among American writers. But all of those who knew him can imitate his character to great advantage.

BERNARD GARBER.

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: Mr. Small's tribute, in your January 19 number, to the knightly personality that was Charles Phillips, awakens me to a humble expression of sorrow for his departure and gratitude to his memory. All the more since I learn that the impairment of his health was occasioned by his unselfish labors for Poland.

A few years ago, I wrote to Mr. Phillips at Notre Dame, asking him to advise me in searching for data on Sienkiewicz. He answered very soon, was factual, and sorry he couldn't do more.

I am sure Mr. Paderewski will feel his loss keenly, coming as it does amid his grief for his departed wife. In his book on the New Poland, Mr. Phillips had a chapter on Paderewski. That chapter he expanded into a book, to be published this month, I believe. Charles Phillips joined by his acquaintance two great artists, Modrzejewska (Modjeska) and Paderewski. They could appreciate him because he was an artist himself.

Some original research on our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, is included in the wide range of his literary bequests to us. The *Catholic World* published some of his Lincoln articles several years ago. Like "Honest Abe," as Mr. Phillips loved to call him, he possessed that simplicity of soul that often accompanies true greatness. Peace to his pure, noble spirit!

ANTHONY J. BOMBOLISKI.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: The following additions may be made to Father Rybrook's interesting list of stories of conversions:

Robert H. Benson, "Confessions of a Convert";
G. K. Chesterton, "The Catholic Church and Conversion";
Penrose Fry, "The Church Surprising";
L. Silliman Ives, "The Trials of a Mind in Its Progress to Catholicism" (out of print);
J. Jörgenson, "An Autobiography";
A. von Ruville, "Back to Holy Church";
C. E. Stoddard, "Rebuilding a Lost Faith";
Th. Mainage (editor), "Les Temoins du Renouveau Catholique";
Newman's "Apologia," of course.

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: Your readers who are inquiring for a list of distinguished converts to the Church in modern times might be interested in a reprint in the *Catholic Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, Australia, July 20, 1933, of an article appearing in *Our Sunday Visitor*. This article, called "Giant Intellects Are Romeward Bound—Our Modern Converts," was by the Reverend Edward V. Dailey of Our Lady of Mercy Church, Chicago.

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

COLLEGE SPEAKERS' ASSOCIATION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Five years ago, the students of St. John's University, Brooklyn, began to "do their part" for the advancement of Catholic Action by forming the St. John's' College Speakers' Association.

For this purpose graduate and senior students submitted themselves to rigorous training in public speaking on subjects that would be instructive and interesting to the various societies of the Catholic Church.

With augmented ranks, the association is still carrying the banner of Catholic Action forward! The services of its members are gratuitous and available to any society in Greater New York, on Long Island or in nearby states. Write to: Edward J. Hogarty, Executive President, St. John's College Speakers' Association, St. John's University, 75 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

EDWARD J. HOGARTY.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Joyous Season

THERE is very little dramatic conflict in Philip Barry's latest play, "The Joyous Season"—which accounts, perhaps, for the failure of its many tender and genuinely moving scenes to coalesce into a strong play. The underlying theme—the power of religious faith to resolve the conflicts bred by indifference and material security—is admirable. The treatment of the theme is replete with friendly reverence and revealing humor, but not with the elements of effective plot nor with the essentials of dramatic situation. There is not even that concealed inner drama of sacrifice or renunciation through which the apparently plotless story of "Cradle Song" achieved a universal importance on the stage. I say this with all the more regret because I am persuaded that Philip Barry can and will write a play that combines beauty and breadth of theme with the expert sense of theatre and the rich feeling for dialogue which give him a place above all our American playwrights.

Mr. Barry writes in the present play of a third generation Irish-American family of Farleys now ensconced in a house on Beacon Hill in Boston. They are sons and daughters of a stout-hearted and far-sighted father and a saintly mother, both dead, who left them a double heritage of financial security and sincere and unaffected Catholicity. They have increased the inherited security, but have lapsed from or grown indifferent to the faith that once united them and kept them strong. With their vanished faith has departed most of their sense of adventure and gaiety and practically all of their humor. But they are unconscious of the loss, and live together in gloomy stodginess and discontent in a home utterly foreign to their traditions and inborn temperament. They have ceased to use the farm at Good Ground, which was the real root soil of the Farleys in New England.

Theresa Farley, married to Francis Battle, a young law professor, has lost her understanding of him, and he of her. Martin Farley, married to Edith Choate, finds no outlet for his dreams. The collegiate Hugh apparently does nothing and thinks of nothing. Ross has lost faith in Communism which once stood for a substitute ideal in his life. John Farley, the eldest brother, is a sound and stuffy banker, too busy holding the family together under one roof to think of marriage, although he is half-consciously in love with his secretary. Little Monica is secretly in love with Theresa's husband, Francis.

Into this sullen atmosphere comes an elder sister, now one of the youngest superiors in an order of teaching nuns. She has been absent many long years, this Christina, and finds her family sadly changed. The play, which covers the twenty-four hours from Christmas Eve to Christmas afternoon, shows us the efforts of this wise and gay little nun to restore some of that second heritage which has so patently been lost. The reason for her presence is the fact that one of the two Farley properties—the town house or Good Ground, at Christina's own choice—has been left to her by her father's will, and she has been commissioned by her order to select one of them for a school to be established in or near Boston.

By her gentle gaiety, her keen insight, her surprising practicality and her active religious faith, Christina bit by bit wins over even the most recalcitrant of her brothers and sisters and in-laws. With one it is a gentle reminder of the past, with another a firm but understanding rebuke, with others a word of exhortation or merely a smiling tolerance. By turning their almost forgotten Catholicity into a way of life, she leads them toward a release from their bondage to security and soured tempers.

Mr. Barry writes with the familiarity and understanding of his theme that one would expect, and with a moving and deep sincerity. But one suspects that he approached his play with too great a sense of awe, in spite of the successful effort to portray Christina as one who sees her religion as a whole and joyously. The chief trouble, however, lies in the multiplicity of Christina's tasks. For purposes of a play, and of dramatic suspense, she has to be too many things to too many people. As a symbol of faith, this is as it should be, for faith is meant for all. But the theatre demands a centralization of emotional conflict to achieve a sense of drama. Nothing is more difficult on the stage than to make a group of people acquire the dramatic force of a single protagonist. Mr. Barry has not succeeded in making the Farley family anything more than many individuals, each with his or her own problem. They never assume the proportions of a single force against which Christina must array the spiritual power of the "communion of saints" with whom she lives in her heart. And failing in this, the Farleys and their many problems present no unity of dramatic conflict. Sierra made his nuns in "Cradle Song" emerge as a group character, for all their clear individuality. The many expressions of their feeling of motherhood for the child left at their door thus took on the full meaning of a song. But Christina, in "The Joyous Season," turns from one to another of her brothers and sisters until the play becomes a series of small plays, each with its own theme, rather than a connected spiritual symphony. From this defect flow the awkward sequences, the embarrassing pauses in action and the scattering of emotional interest which make the play fall short of its tender and exalted purpose and of the rare beauty of many of its passages.

In fairness to Mr. Barry, it must also be added that the acting and direction often emphasize the weaknesses rather than the strong points of the play. Several of the players, among them, surprisingly enough, Jane Wyatt as the rebellious Theresa, are too languid and monotonous in their actions and speech. Lillian Gish as Christina is at times a sheer delight, but lacks variety and poise at several crucial moments. The actors as a group blur many of the lighter and better comedy lines until their point is lost. This is the more unfortunate because of a general scarcity of that quality of dialogue which only Barry can write. But the best scenes in the play are worth seeing and remembering, if only for the rumor they carry of the play Philip Barry can and will write. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

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BOOKS
The Breed of Henry VIII

The Conquest of a Continent, by Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

WE HAVE all seen little boys, of an age when they are little savages, mocking and persecuting some figure alien to their understanding—perhaps a foreigner, by appearance or dress, or an aged man eccentric enough to sport a long beard, on the street; perhaps some superior and sensitive child who doesn't belong to their gang. We know that the same tendency to mock, revile, and persecute the foreigner, the unfamiliar, the superior, prevails among barbarians, the ignorant, the ill-bred, adults of juvenile mentality. If any of the Twelve who followed Our Lord appeared in our streets, with flowing hair, glowing countenance and strange habit of long robes, he would be followed by a hooting crowd of ill-bred youngsters who would be egged on by the vacuous laughter of morons.

The level of breeding and intelligence displayed in "The Conquest of a Continent" is only a little below that of such a mob.

Mr. Madison Grant enjoys the rare pleasure of hooting at length, in all the panoply of print, and with the imprimatur of an ancient publishing house, at the things that he dislikes and finds alien and incomprehensible. To fill his cup to overflowing, there are so many things he does not like and cannot comprehend! He does not like this republic, and regrets that a rabble ever succeeded in separating it from the rule of English kings. He does not like the abolition of slavery. He does not like any race that is not Nordic, it being strictly understood that without definition, and without reference to such irrelevancies as historical fact or mere truth, Nordic means what Madison Grant says it means. He does not like any religion that is not the one of which George V is the impressive spiritual head. He particularly dislikes the Catholic religion, which curiously enough sustained the Nordic world for more than a thousand years, and still claims its millions of adherents among the new chosen people. And he particularly dislikes everything Irish—the people, the land, the very word.

True to the characteristics of the mind with low I. Q., Mr. Grant delights in the puerility of referring to the "Erse" language. An equally infantile mind of different prejudices could match this way of referring to the Gaelic tongue, the native speech of the intrepid missionaries who began the civilization of Europe and even of Mr. Grant's dear Britain, by calling the race of Moses and Daniel "sheenies," the race of Dante and da Vinci "wops," and the race of Shakespeare and Francis Thompson "limies." But doubtless we should have a light touch in modern scholarship.

Mr. Grant, however, goes too far when he tries to bolster his bigotries by quoting Sir Harry Johnston as saying to him that Gaelic is a good language except that nobody could pronounce it and nobody could spell it. Sir Harry Johnston was a scholar and a gentleman. I doubt whether, even if he inadvertently conversed with Madison Grant, he would have made any such remark, even as a pleasantry. Certainly nothing approaching such a quip is to be found in those pages of his published works dealing with the Irish people and the Gaelic language, though he was good-naturedly full and frank in setting down such criticisms as he wished of both.

The idea of "The Conquest of a Continent" is about this: There is a race called Nordics, which is pretty much what Madison Grant wishes it to be; this race is to be found in its purity, or as a prevalent strain, only among English Protestants and Scandinavians. The English Protestants originally settled this part of North America; through their regrettable error in revolting from England they set up this nation; but the nation is long since ruined by the incursion of Dutch, French, Spaniards, Germans, Irish (a shudder at this point), Slavs, Czechs, and merciful heaven only knows what other inferior breeds. The Scots, however, had to be admitted to the sanctified classification, in order that a man named Grant could qualify among the elect; and this is accomplished by the simple device of asserting that all Scots worth while are identical in race with the English.

This, as a useful side-result, involves posthumously expatriating some hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who came to America in colonial and early republican days from the northern counties of Erin; a simple task by rechristening them "Ulster Scots." The impudent claim that Irishmen had anything to do with founding this nation and winning the Revolution is disposed of by the simplest of all devices known to historians—ignoring the evidence. That an actual count of names on the muster-rolls of Washington's armies, leaving out the great numbers of Irishmen bearing such names as White, Browne, Smith and so forth, disclose that 38 percent of the men who wrested nationhood from despotism were Irish, of the blood of the old clans; that thousands of officers, including the highest, and tens of thousands of non-commissioned officers and men whose memories are preserved in the Revolutionary records, bore such Gaelic cognomens as Barry, Brady, Byrne, Carroll, Duffy, Flanagan, Kelly, Murphy, O'Brien, Shea—and hundreds of others—are facts so easily accessible that they are certainly known to Mr. Madison Grant, but what are facts weighed with such an exalted purpose as moves this author's pen? Only the breed of Henry VIII have a right to hold up their heads in this world—'tis a pity Henry was a Welshman, having therefore only a dubious claim to the Nordic title.

As anthropology and ethnology, "The Conquest of a Continent" is sub-sophomoric. As history it is a 393-page elaboration of what another Scribner author, the late Theodore Roosevelt (who boasted his racial mixture and his lack of English blood), called "a short and ugly word." Falsehoods fester on it like maggots on corruption. Unfortunately it will delude some good people, but it will neither fool scholars nor will it sway public policy.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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Savonarola and Others

The Man of the Renaissance, by Ralph Roeder. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

MR. ROEDER endeavors here to compound the typical man of the Renaissance out of the lives of Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino as representatives in turn of religion, patriotism, society and self-satisfaction. He succeeds in giving us four biographies which, though they do not integrate the man of the Renaissance, are in themselves extremely intresting.

No original historical inquiry is presented in this book, nor is there any novel treatment of religious and social questions. In fact, Mr. Roeder reproduces, even to the mistakes, the accounts of well-known standard biographies, and leaves theoretical questions in a very subordinate position. But he does give us four living characters. Through clever inventions and keen psychological analyses, he presents to us these men as they might have been in their intimate life. He follows them even where history has shut the door in our faces, and reconstructs dramatic scenes of considerable efficacy. His imagination tears away all veils and exposes in these makers of history the play of elemental emotions. Whether, however, these living characters are anything like the pictures that scholarship and science have drawn for us, that is another question.

In the first place, our illusion is disturbed by frequent and glaring historical errors. We find Pico encountering Savonarola in Florence instead of at Reggio, and delivering his challenge in Florence instead of Rome. Savonarola is shown going up the Po on his way from Ferrara to Florence. Charles VIII is given as besieging Pietrasanta when he was still embogged at Sarzana. The epoch-making fiscal reform of Savonarola is heralded as a levy on trade instead of a real estate impost. We find an Upper and a Lower House in the Grand Council. The Duke of Ferrara is brought to Florence to listen to Savonarola instead of his nephew. Chronology is weak throughout.

In Machiavelli's life we likewise find misconceptions as to his official position. His trip to Imola is described erroneously both as to topography and means of transportation. Sentiments uttered by Machiavelli are ascribed to the Ambassador of Ferrara. Vespucci's reference to the evening preparations for the Vatican's orgies is entirely mistranslated. The flashing account of the taking of Sinigaglia errs in time, places, and the person of the sovereign.

The dramatic reconstruction of the milieu fails likewise to be convincing. The emotions, beliefs and impulses of these men are often foreign to their period, decidedly too modern in tone. We are discouraged by seeing a misquoted Thomistic sentence of ontological import applied to the structure of emotions, and by reading that the monk is affected with *melancholy* when he is assailed by the gloom of religious despair and disgust with the things of God.

Mr. Roeder has not sufficiently taken into account the

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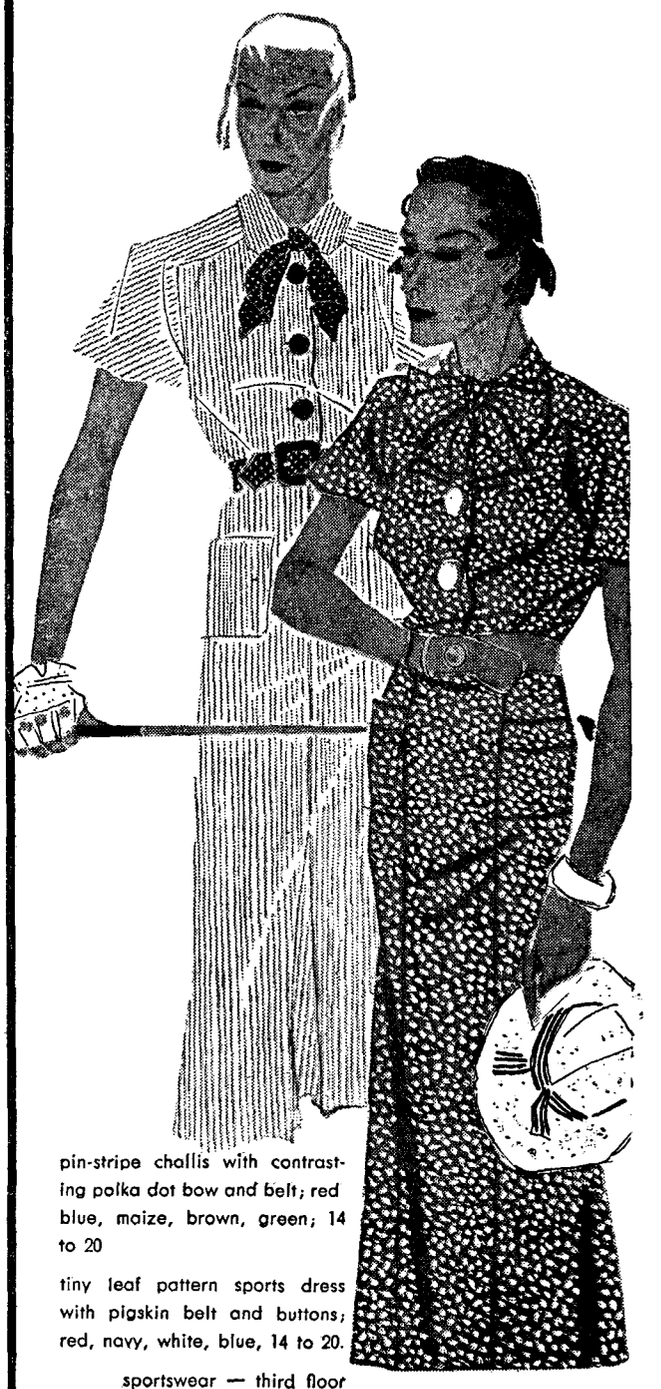

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NEXT WEEK

THE WAR ON THE ARMS INDUSTRY, by F. C. Hanighen and H. C. Engelbrecht is an important compendium from their forthcoming book, "Merchants of Death." It reveals the facts of the huge expenditures and provisions for armaments, and relates to these facts the outstanding proposals that have been advanced to eliminate the arms industry as a danger to peace. . . . FATHER HUDSON, by George N. Shuster, is a vivid personal reminiscence of the editor of *Ave Maria,* whose direction of the magazine constitutes the longest sustained effort in religious journalism. The magazine in its prime—that is, in Father Hudson's prime—was, Mr. Shuster says, "unquestionably the finest Catholic literary periodical in the English language." The character of the man behind this achievement is inspiringly delineated in a portrait with depth as well as color. . . . TWO MINE FOREMEN, by Robert Whitcomb, reveals from first-hand observation the conditions that govern life in one of the most troubled sectors of American industrialism. The conflict of men, one with another, as well as the struggle against poverty and misery to produce real wealth, are significantly outlined by the writer. . . . ORIGINS OF THE LAY-APOSTOLATE by Edward McTammany Donnelly, tells, with frequent references to Frederick Ozanam's own writings, of one of the world's greatest agencies of practical charity. It emphasizes the young founder's sound common sense in believing that he and his friends, while they were waiting and working for the regeneration of their country, should help immediately and fraternally some of the poor.

all-pervading power of prophecy in the Florence of Savonarola. It controlled all things, it ruled friends and enemies, it was the maker and the destroyer of the monk's prestige. Every event had to be determined in terms of its affirmation or negation. It explains the virtues and the faults of the man who was to die for it. A realization of all this would have removed much of the confusion in the account of the monk's trial. But here as elsewhere in the book, unhistorical rationalism in its endeavor to modernize has broken up the concreteness of historical reality.

Machiavelli's spiritual horizon, likewise, is too arbitrarily drawn. There is excessive emphasis on café discussions, too much imaginary introspection, and an insufficient account of the man's indebtedness and reaction to public life. Emotional analysis drives out historical motivation.

And, finally, the appraisal of these men hardly seems acceptable. Again limiting my attention to the first two, I would say that though Mr. Roeder brings his reader very close to the Florentine Secretary, he yet gives an inadequate notion of the magnitude of Machiavelli's contributions to political thought. He also tells us that Savonarola's life was a failure, that his efforts were futile; he dissects the poor monk's religiosity until little is left of it. But, to say nothing of his important rôle in legislation and of his powerful influence on subsequent generations, must we not claim for him a victory, not over the Renaissance, but over humanistic aberrations? Must we not extol him as a martyr not solely of the Faith, but of that human dignity which rehabilitated itself in Savonarola's life and death at a time when it was being bestialized by Alexander VI?

Mr. Roeder's own book, the polemical perserverance of Jesuit scholars old and new, the raging scorn of free spirits, the devoted labors of illustrious historians, are clear evidence that the Frate of San Marco did not live in vain.

DINO BIGONGIARI.

Irish Inspiration

The Big Tree of Bunlahy, by Padraic Colum; illustrated by Jack Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

EVEN in his prose, Padraic Colum is a poet. Though one is pleased to remember that he has lived for many years in America, he is an Irish poet: continued residence in China could undo neither the melodious melancholies or the something-that-is-not-what-it-is that are inseparable from his poetry, and are present in it because he is an Irish poet. To say that he is an Irish poet is to say that he is a singer: to say he is a singer is to say that even when one reads these stories in prose that never could be called "poetic" prose, one has the feeling that somewhere their sentences are minted off in a ballad's lines, or are cast as songs. The ballad, the lyric, are overtones of the prose: a part of one's consciousness is aware of, or perhaps it is fills in, the formal poem as another part delights in the rhythms wholly of prose of Colum's

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stories. One has suffered no ill, but what is it that has taken place? Are these very pages magical? Do they speak prose to the eye, ballads to the inner ear?

From these stories, as stories, it is hard to select one that demonstrates more readily than the others the correctness of what one says. Is it "King Cormac's Cup" or "The Peacocks of Baron's Hall" in which echo and reecho the ballad's verses, as the sea echoes and reechoes in a shell? Is it neither, but "The Story that Shattered King Cormac's Cup and the Story that Put It Together Again"? No; perhaps—but only perhaps, for of this one can be no more sure than one can that Colum's very pages have not an unnatural power—it is the story of the two dwarfs, the Little Baron and his sister, the Lady Sabrina, "so small, so handsome and so finely behaved," come bravely to woe among the crying peacocks from the King of France, the great groves and the waxed halls filled all with pictures, in which this trick, this dual gift of a page that speaks and its overtone which sings surprises most, by its audacity, the reader who expects none here but the "magic" of good prose. It is at once reminiscent of Aldous Huxley's masterpiece, the dwarf story in "Chrome Yellow" and its triumphant superior. Surely, among contemporary *contes* its better is far to seek—remote where it might have been insistent, melancholy without being either aggressively melancholy or morbid, and tender, tender.

Contrasted with the "Peacocks," with its properties of Romantic poetry, there could be imagined no plainer story than "Our Hen," who never once became suspicious even that the pheasants she hatched, who led her into such strange adventures, who had such bewildering impulses, the source of her pride and her mystification were other than strangely gifted chickens. There are few enough stories of which it is possible immediately to say that they exist at once where scant respect is paid to time. Nevertheless, one recognizes at once that "Our Hen" is not soon likely to blanch, curl, wither, become an antiquarian's pleasure only: it is immediately a classic, austere, true, inexhaustibly moving.

"The Two Youths Whose Father Was under the Sea," "Nannie's Shoes," "The Wizard Earl," "When the Puprachauns Came to Ireland," if they are more traditional, either of the Irish fairy story or the Irish true tale of simple people, are not less worthy of inclusion in this book.

Indeed, there is not one of thirteen stories one would not have included. If one would have "Our Hen" no matter what sacrifice must be made, and the "Peacocks" read in tournament by Yeats and Stephens and Colum, that is another matter, quite. It is an expression of personal opinion more than: This is a book to be bought for or by the family and not the family alone, but the neighborhood. It is not to be bought for children, appropriated by adults: children, adults, all have their inalienable special stories, as all inalienably now have this entire book. And among all the family and all the neighbors, there are sure to be enough admirers of each story to go entirely around.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

THE INSUPPORTABLE FATIGUE OF THOUGHT

Arnold Lunn, whose book NOW I SEE ($2.50) is the Catholic Book Club's choice for January, has come into the Church by way of logic. *(Very much so, one gets the impression that he liked the Church little before he joined it and is only just warming to it now.)* And his book gives a picture of the religious world he has left behind him, a world which is far too tired to think. One of his strongest points in favor of Catholicism is that it meets his own—to many moderns unnatural—craving for thinking. This same feeling that the Church is Thought's last unfallen citadel is sending people back more and more to St. Thomas. Two moderns treat of him in our present list. One is G. K. Chesterton, whose ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ($2.50) is a wise book and a witty one. Even the professional theologian will see Aquinas a little more clearly for having read it, while to the plain man it is a sheer godsend. Splitting the difference between professional philosophers and plain men, may we recommend it to seminarians.

The other writer is Jacques Maritain. In PHILOSOPHY & PROGRESS ($2.00)—the Conversations of the Sage, Theonas—he shows what light Thomism can shed on current problems, and what developments the same problems can bring to Thomism. But all talk of moderns and thought brings us back to Christopher Dawson—the most influential Catholic writer of today. *(His works, by the way, are now being translated into Japanese.)* The Catholic owes it to his own maturity to have read at least *PROGRESS & RELIGION* ($1.50) and *THE MAKING OF EUROPE* ($3.50). And may we remind everyone once more that the Book Room is open all day Saturday at

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Indirect Affirmations

The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism, by T. S. Eliot. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.00.

MOST of T. S. Eliot's affirmations are made by indirection. When some while ago, in "For Lancelot Andrews," he came forth and spoke not at all obliquely, saying in religion he believed in Anglo-Catholicism, in politics, in royalism, and, in literature, in classicism, there were those who protested rather bitterly against this sort of thing: they had been approving of Mr. Eliot all along and he had been insidiously inoculating them with doctrines they simply could not abide. In the present book (which is composed of the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures for 1932-1933) Mr. Eliot does not so dogmatically state what the use of poetry is; on the use of criticism he is more forthright; and it is by examining the criticism of various periods, and what it demanded of poetry, that he contrives to give hints of the ends which poetry may serve.

"I suggest," he says, "that we may learn a good deal about criticism and about poetry by examining the history of criticism, not merely as a catalogue of successive notions about poetry, but as a process of readjustment between poetry and the world in and for which it is produced."

Examination of the group which surrounded the Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, results in the conclusion that in their "simple assertions that poetry gives high delight and adorns society is some awareness of the problem of the relation of the poem to the reader and the place of poetry in society." In "The Age of Dryden" Mr. Eliot finds an increased sublety in criticism, and makes more plain what Dryden wanted used in poetry than what use he wanted it put to—the implication of which may be that Dryden thought a poem sufficient reason for its own being. From this he goes on to say that "for Johnson poetry was still poetry, not another thing"—which it had not been for Addison, who saw it as a substitute for expensive or criminal pleasures.

This latter tendency appears as further developed with Wordsworth and Coleridge; theirs being an age of change, and so of some confusion, "poetry was for them the expression of a totality of unified interests."

"With Shelley we are struck from the beginning by the number of things poetry is expected to do. . . ." These things are bound up with Shelley's ideas, and "the ideas of Shelley," Mr. Eliot reveals, "seems to me always to be the ideas of adolescence." Both the new functions poetry is required to perform and poetry itself suffer in consequence. With Keats, on the contrary, ideas—and Keats's ideas are found to be of a better order than Shelley's—are used to make poetry; "he was occupied only with the highest use of poetry." The ultimate of the progressive misuse of poetry is arrived at in Matthew Arnold, who asks "of poetry that it give religious and philosophic satisfaction," a satisfaction found, to Mr. Eliot's way of thinking, better perhaps only, in religion and philosophy. Finally Mr. Eliot comes down to the present day and wittily

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disposes of I. A. Richard's contention that poetry is the way out of the modern dilemma.

Perhaps Mr. Eliot has not shown us what the use of poetry is; but he has made clear what its uses are not. And in the process of doing so he has given us the delight of watching a learned and tasteful mind ranging over four hundred years of verse and its criticism; he has thrown out epigrammatical suggestions that will probably be expanded into essays over other names; and he has done something which few critics succeed in doing—he has made us anxious to read many of the poets of whom he writes.

In this volume, as in a previous one, Mr. Eliot has been rather harsh in his judgment of Matthew Arnold; yet when one seeks a figure to whom to compare the author of "The Waste Land," it is Matthew Arnold who comes to mind: there is the same felicity of expression, the later man has the "real taste" he grants the earlier one, and, though there may be some difference as to degree, they are both on the side of the angels.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Modernity

After the Great Companions, by Charles J. Finger. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

PROPAGANDA of every kind is accepted as a necessary concomitant of our American life, and in "After the Great Companions" Charles J. Finger is a vehement publicity agent for the most modern school of literary expression. Many portions of the book, not tinged with the necessity of delivering a message, are equal to this author's best former work, which is generally agreed to be "Seven Horizons." Taken in its entirety, the new book is readable and interesting from many viewpoints, but as a propagandist for modernism the suave and subtle Burton Rascoe still remains the guiding genius of the ilk. The Finger methods of leading one along his favorite literary highways are suggestive of the acceptance of facts that have never been proven.

It is true that he gives some of the Victorians a "hand" here and there, but the main purpose of the book seems to be the forcing of the modernistic school upon the reading public. Charles Dickens and R. L. Stevenson are among the writers of other days who seem to fit into the author's idea of the fitness of literary things. Thackeray is dismissed with the mention of his name as the author of "Vanity Fair," which a young woman was reading when the paternal Finger introduced her to Willa Cather as a substitute. Even parental interference could not have dragged this reviewer away from his first reading of "Vanity Fair."

The dogmatism of certainty is the most extraordinary reaction from the pages of this book. Dutton has done a good job with the printing and indexing, while the jacket throws a silver glow that convinces the most sceptical that the words within are golden. It is a book well worth reading, because it conveys much information of one sort or another.

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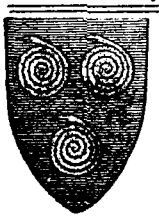
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Briefer Mention

Three Centuries of Mexican Colonial Architecture; published by the Department of Education of the Republic of Mexico. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

ONE IS glad to see Mexican educators interested in spreading knowledge of what their country has to offer. The present volume consists for the most part of illustrations from photographs not all of which testify to the skill of camera-man and reproducer, adding a brief introduction and succinct notes in both Spanish and English (the said English being of a truly fearful kind). Yet however much fault may be found with minor technical details of the book, the contents are really magnificent and quite indispensable. A wealth of beauty and tradition that is fascinating and prodigal of charm and impressive structural verity is spread over page after page. Mexican colonial builders of course repeated every motif voguish in Spain at the time. Nothing could me more florid than Tepozotlan, with a sancutary riotously overloaded with imagery and embossing, and yet nothing could be more austerely simple than the exterior of Acolman. Such convents! Churubusco, El Carmen, Yuririapundaro, Tula, Huejotzingo, Xochimilco (and incidentally what names!). But whether the subject was church, monastery, hacienda or fountain, it was always treated with the originality which an Indian race had conserved out of its own creative tradition.

Peonies, by F. F. Rockwell, New York: The Macmillian Company. $1.00.

IF MR. ROCKWELL had done nothing but write wisely and well about tree peonies—delightful gifts of God too little known and appreciated—his little manual would deserve a place in the gardener's library. But it goes through the list of important matters, from definition to care, with common sense and affection. There are no lists of varieties, but enough is said on even this topic to enable the amateur to read growers' catalogues with discrimination. This is one of the Home Garden Handbooks, all of which contain practical illustrations.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS is the author of "Christian Ethics," and "Cardinal Newman."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS is the author of "The Edwardian Era" and many other books.

LOUIS GINSBERG contributes poetry to American publications.

ARTHUR E. GLEASON, S. J., sends this article from St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kan.

REV. EDWIN RYAN is professor of modern church history at Roland Park Seminary, Baltimore, Md., and author of "The Church in the South American Republics."

MOST REV. JAMES E. CASSIDY is Auxiliary Bishop of Fall River and Apostolic Administrator of the diocese.

JESSICA POWERS is a Wisconsin poet.

REV. PAUL BUSSARD, an assistant at the Cathedral of St. Paul, St. Paul, Minn., is one of the editors of the "Leaflet Missal."

THEODORE MAYNARD, poet and critic, is the author of many books, of which the latest is "Preface to Poetry."

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL, poet, reviewer and essayist, is the author of "Jealous of Dead Leaves" and a redaction of "Sophokles' Antigone."

DINO BIGONGIARI is a member of the department of romance languages at Columbia University.

RAYMOND LARSSON, poet and critic, is the author of "O City, Cities!"

GEOFFREY STONE is a writer of criticism for newspapers and reviews.

EDWARD J. BREEN is a journalist and critic.

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